Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXV.—No. 1280.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

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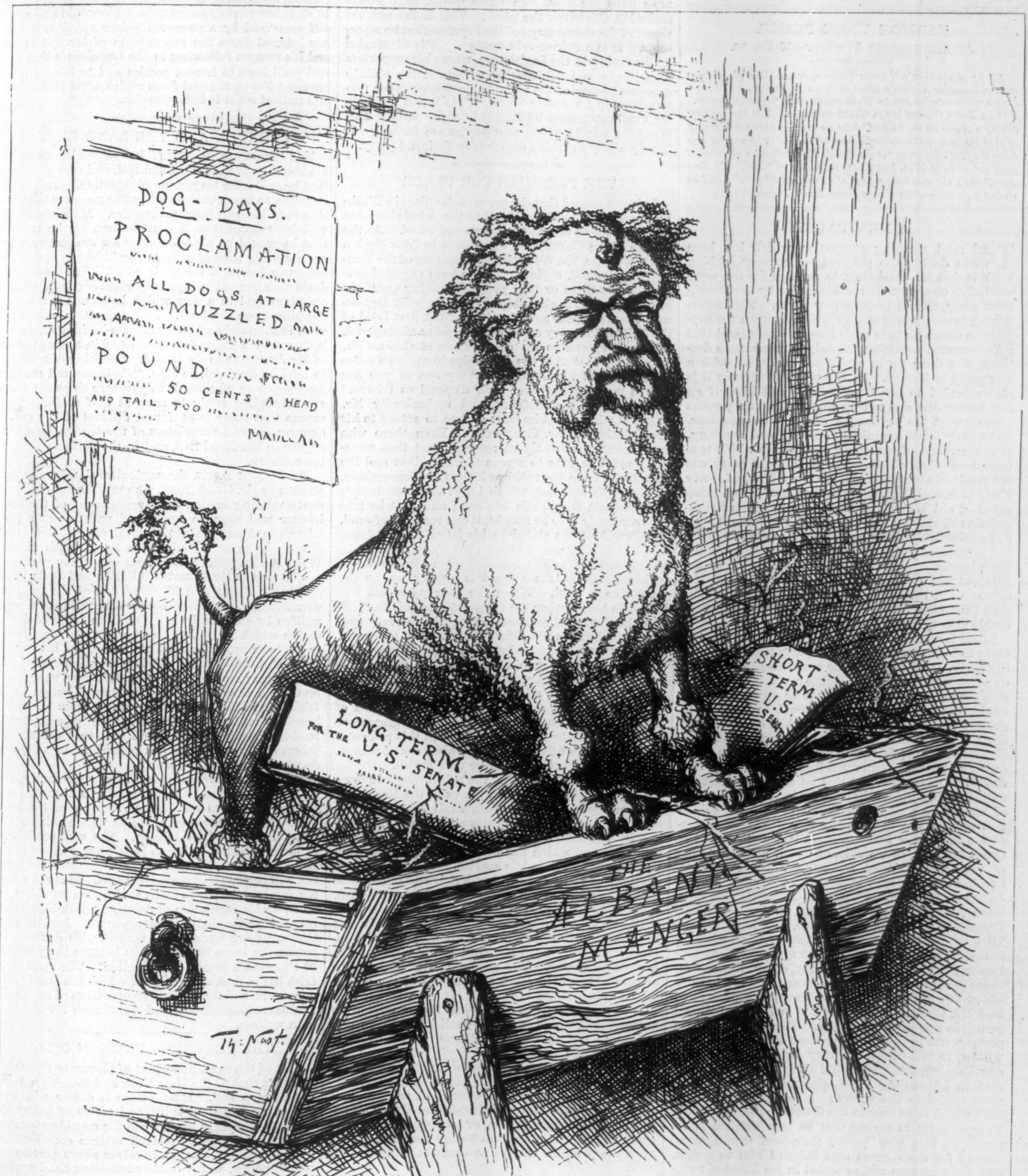

DOG-DAYS.
PROCLAMATION
ALL DOGS AT LARGE
MUZZLED
POUND
50 CENTS A HEAD
AND TAIL TOO
PLATT
LONG TERM FOR THE U.S. SENATE
SHORT TERM U.S. SENA
THE ALBANY MANGER
Th. Nast

POUND HIM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 9, 1881.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Fourth-of-July Supplement, *containing an engraving from a picture by* Miss Cornelia W. Conant, *entitled*

"MENDING THE OLD FLAG,"

with a spirited Fourth-of-July Ballad by Will Carleton; *an engraving from a picture by* S. J. Guy, *entitled*

"THE SPIRIT OF '76,"

and a variety of interesting literary articles, will be issued gratuitously with the next number of Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 87 *of* Harper's Young People, *issued June* 28, *contains as a frontispiece a Lion's Head by* Rosa Bonheur. *The short stories of the number are by* W. O. Stoddard, "*Jimmy Brown,*" Allan Forman, *and* Julia Clinton Jones. *The boys who are taking a cruise on the* "*Ghost*" *have an exciting time while trying to save the lives of the crew of a wrecked vessel. The number contains the first chapter of* "*Aunt Ruth's Temptation,*" *a short serial story for girls, by* Mrs. John Lillie, *author of* "*Mildred's Bargain,*" *etc.; the concluding page of* "*Pinafore Rhymes*"; *and on its last page are a series of very funny Lawn Tennis pictures.*

A NEW PARTY.

The most amusing suggestion which has been made during the political controversy in New York is that Mr. Conkling, in revenge for the overwhelming condemnation of his course by the Republican party, should found a new party. This entertaining proposition is made apparently upon the supposition that a party is made like an omelet, and that a discontented politician has only to mix certain doctrines, toss them up in a platform, and forthwith a new party is formed. In the present instance it is recommended to Mr. Conkling to call himself an anti-monopolist, and to take command of all persons who distrust the tendencies of great corporations. But a party is not organized like a railroad company. It is the result of absorbing convictions which take precedence of all others. The Republican party was the result of a coalition of Conscience Whigs, Liberty Party men, and Democratic Free-soilers. It was composed of old Whigs and Democrats to whom the restriction of slavery was more vitally important than any distinctively Whig or Democratic policy. It was the growth of the most earnest conviction and the most unselfish patriotism, and was not due to the petulant whim of a defeated politician. When Mr. Seward left the Whig for the Republican party, he stated the considerations which alone persuade honorable men to such a course.

There is no more reason that Mr. Conkling should essay to lead an anti-monopoly party than a monopoly party, or a temperance or woman-suffrage party, or a free-trade-and-sailors'-rights party. He is in no manner identified with any of those questions. The advice to found a new party should be based upon general consent in some strong public conviction, or some representative character in the person advised. But Mr. Conkling's strong convictions, so far as his career and speeches announce them, are that the South should be distrusted, and that he should appoint the national office-holders in New York. A careful study of his public career will reveal these great principles plainly, but they hardly afford adequate foundation for a new party. There is, indeed, a kind of Conkling cult, or worship, of which a certain class of politicians, Messrs. Dutcher, John F. Smyth, Speaker Sharpe, ex-Marshal Payn, Barney Biglin, Jacob Patterson, Stephen B. French, Vice-President Arthur, Thomas Murphy, E. A. Carpenter, Dwight Lawrence, and others, are high priests. They conduct the worship with solemn and edifying devotion, and they are doubtless most excellent gentlemen; but they are not a party, except like the famous party in a parlor. They have nothing to rally about but Mr. Conkling, and they have discovered that Mr. Conkling in himself is neither a political principle nor a public policy. To ask him to be a party is not to ask, perhaps, more than he would be willing to undertake, but very much more than he could accomplish. If he and his followers could succeed in adjourning the Legislature, what would be their appeal to the voters? Merely that Mr. Conkling ought to be sent to the Senate. But that would be equivalent to saying that he was justified in resigning. The new party, therefore, would stand merely for the reasons that induced him to resign, and those reasons are, as stated in his letter of resignation, that the President deceived him, and that he could not govern the President's course in a certain nomination.

This is rather a slight platform for a national party. Was the President's deceit, even were it established, a reason for Mr. Conkling's betrayal of his party? or was the President's resolution to do his official duty a sound reason for Mr. Conkling's relinquishing his? Yet his action offers no other point of departure for a new political organization, while it furnishes the most dangerous precedent. If Senators are to resign because they can not control the Executive power of nomination, there is an attempted revolution, which every good citizen is bound to resist. An appeal to the voters upon such an issue could result in but one way. Undoubtedly the effect of the quarrel will be unfortunate for the Republican party. But, as the *Times* well remarks, that is the price which must be paid for tolerating a "boss." Should Mr. Conkling fail to secure his election, as seems most probable, he and his friends would doubtless witness with great complacency a Republican defeat in the autumn election, because they would say that it was the consequence of not letting Mr. Conkling have his way. In other words, they would make Mr. Conkling the party. This is the natural result of the mercenary political system that he represents. It is a rule-or-ruin system. It is illustrated by the voting in the Legislature, where his supporters consciously and deliberately withstand the plainly expressed desire of the party to elect some other person, pursuing a course which, while it can not help Mr. Conkling, must inevitably hurt the party. This is not the way in which new parties are formed. It is only a way in which men betray their old party.

THE PRESSURE FOR PLACE.

It is announced that the pressure for place in Washington is so overwhelming that the Administration is compelled to consider measures of relief. At the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in New York a few weeks ago, Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, apologized, saying, "I have been engaged during the last three or four weeks discussing questions of appointment to clerkships in the Treasury Department." Ten years ago Mr. Gladstone, first Lord of the British Treasury and Prime Minister of England, said, in a speech to his constituents at Greenwich, "I can say that as to the clerkships in my own office—the office of the Treasury—every one of you has just as much power over their disposal as I have." The contrast is significant, and undoubtedly Mr. Windom wishes that he were as free to attend to his great duties as Mr. Gladstone. Even those who sneer most persistently at reform agree that something must be done to rescue the President and the Secretaries from the ruthless hordes of office-seekers, in Congress and out, which infest the departments and obstruct the public business; and if it be true that a remedy is to be sought, it can readily be found. The President has stated in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address that no reform can be effective which is not founded upon Congressional legislation. Yet the subject is largely within the Executive control. When the four years' act was passed in 1820, during the administration of Mr. Monroe, the President resolved to renominate every worthy incumbent as his term expired. His successor, John Quincy Adams, adopted the same course, and with the message nominating his own cabinet, the younger President Adams sent to the Senate the renomination of all minor officers whose terms had expired. Here is a simple and obvious method of relief which is wholly at the President's discretion. Let it be understood that he will adopt this course of supplanting no officer except for some sound reason, and a great part of the pressure will vanish.

If, also, he will order that the rules already in force for appointments to certain places in the New York Custom-house and Post-office shall be strictly observed, and extended to other great offices in the country, he will take a step which requires no aid from Congress, and which has been proved to be most advantageous for the public service. When this whole question of relief is considered, it is not improbable that some modification of the rules may be proposed. It may be suggested that instead of competition there shall be a simple pass examination, the appointments to be made at discretion from all who pass a minimum standard. Such propositions are merely plans to save patronage. The minimum standard will be always adjusted to allow the passing of the person whose appointment is desired. It is, in fact, a plan that obviously fails to accomplish the purpose of an examination, which is, first, to abolish favoritism, and second, to test comparative fitness. Only by some method which accomplishes these results can the overwhelming pressure for appointment be avoided. It makes no difference, so far as the extent and constancy of the pressure are concerned, whether it is applied to secure an appointment directly, or an appointment for examination, or an appointment after examination. If there is to be any favoritism whatever, the pressure will be as overwhelming as it is now.

With the two simple measures that we have mentioned, and which both the *Times* and the *Evening Post* warmly advocate, the relief sought can be promptly obtained. Their adoption would commend the Administration to the hearty support of the great multitude of citizens who are not scheming for place, and who desire only to see the government honestly and economically administered. How deep and strong this feeling is, and how rapidly growing, is shown in the steady formation of reform associations for that purpose. Within the last two or three weeks, for instance, such associations have been formed in Baltimore and Buffalo and Pittsburgh, following those recently organized in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and in all those cities the movers are leading citizens of both parties, and of pronounced party sympathy and political feeling. They see that the ordinary subordinate business offices, whose duties are the same under all administrations, ought to be regarded, like the offices of a village, as non-partisan. It is already an immense body of citizens which holds this view, and they are a most intelligent and patriotic class. Their approval of the President's adoption of some simple plan, like those we have indicated, for routing the army of office-seekers, would be unanimous and enthusiastic. He would find himself sustained by a powerful public opinion, which has learned from the proceedings of Mr. Conkling and his meagre following in the Legislature that the real peril both to honest parties and to honest government lies in the evil from which some immediate and radical relief is indispensable.

PARNELL AND THE LAND BILL.

The "immortal Parnell" has somewhat modified his hostility to the Irish Land Bill, and now professes that he will offer no serious obstruction. This must be taken to mean that he will offer no more obstruction than his own purposes require. If he intends to withdraw opposition, it must be because he is sure that he would be abandoned by his supporters, who are naturally tired of suffering by holding out against measures intended for their relief. The Land Bill deals with one of the most important of contemporary questions, and in a way which looks to the relief of the laborer on the land. It is a question peculiarly vital to England and Ireland. Its imminent interest is shown by a single fact mentioned in a recent letter of Mr. Jennings to the *World.* Speaking of property in land in England, he says, "Solicitors tell me that for every man who wants to purchase an estate, there are a hundred ready to snap at half a bid." This means that there is profound distrust of the consequences to great proprietors of the tendencies which appear in the Land Bill, and in the political drift of the country.

Mr. Joseph Arch, the agricultural reformer, has written to Mr. Gladstone, who replies that measures contemplating further enfranchisement of the farm laborer will soon be considered, and this at a time when the American agricultural competition is beginning to press heavily upon the English farmer. What the English farm laborer was thirty years ago can be seen in Mr. Olmsted's *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England*, one of the most instructive and valuable books about England ever written by an American. From the depth of degradation which Mr. Olmsted describes, the farm laborer has been probably but little raised, and his enfranchisement would be regarded by the aristocratic landholders very much as that of the freedmen was viewed by the old slave-holders. The Tory objection to the Irish Land Bill is supposed to spring from the apprehension that its principle will presently be applied to land-holding in England, and that that principle is substantially a question of the land-holder's right to do what he will with his own.

English farm rents have fallen enormously, and those in Ireland must be adjusted at a rate which is certain greatly to reduce the revenues of the landlord. But the fierce competition which this implies bodes ill for the Irish laborer. The vast production of America is beginning to be felt everywhere in the British Islands. Freights will cheapen, and the pressure will become still more stringent. It is not a time for any Irish leader to insist that a plan providing for an equitable regulation of rents, and prohibiting arbitrary evictions, shall not be supported. And the more strenuous the agricultural contest with America becomes, the more hopeless must become the prospects of Parnell's dream of separation. The remedy for Irish ills is, first, the justice of which the Land Bill is a measure, and then hearty co-operation of intelligent Irishmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen for the common welfare.

THE TEACHERS' PENSION BILL.

One of the most important of Governor Cornell's vetoes is that of the New York and Brooklyn Teachers' Pension Bill. His message is drawn with care, and in an excellent spirit, and seems to imply that the veto is mainly based upon the consideration that the subject has not received mature consideration. The proposition, he says, involves grave questions of public policy, and if further reflection shall approve the bill, a year's delay will be unimportant, and the measure can then be perfected. There is undoubtedly some weight in the suggestion that the bill contemplates a very serious expense, which has hardly been the subject of very general public discussion. It is the misfortune of our State legislation that there are no detailed reports of the proceedings, except in the Albany papers, and the Legislature may take action upon very important questions without general public knowledge of the merits of the case, and without opportunity to ascertain public sentiment. When the Governor is satisfied that this is the situation, it is not an unfair exercise of the veto power to stay the proceedings.

The Governor objects to certain details of the bill. It provides, for instance, for retirement after an aggregate service of twenty-five years, by a vote of two-thirds of the Board of Education, and for a pension not less than one-half of the salary at the time of retirement. He thinks that continuous instead of an aggregate period of service should be required, that the rate of pension should be half-pay, and that the act of retirement should be subject to revision by the Mayor. He thinks the term of twenty-five years short, because it would enable teachers to retire pensioned at forty-five years, with ample opportunity and time for entering upon new pursuits, and it is, he thinks, doubtful whether to destroy their ambition and to render them contented with their pursuit would really benefit the teachers or the schools. He holds, also, that pensions are usually granted only after long continuous public service of a peculiarly hazardous or exceptionally valuable character—army officers, for instance, at the age of sixty-two, after forty years of constant service.

The details of such a bill, however, are readily adjusted if the principle be sound, and the principle upon which pensions for teachers are sought is that teaching in the public schools is the most valuable kind of public service, and that it will be improved in the degree that it is made a permanent career, and that nothing will more elevate its character than the consciousness that it is a profession, and not a temporary expedient. It is true that it is not a hazardous profession in the sense that the military or naval service is hazardous in time of war; but if it be conceded that those who devote themselves to the public service may properly be pensioned, there can be no objection in principle to the pensioning of public school teachers. There is no general principle which requires that the pursuit to which a pension is attached shall be hazardous. In this country it is true that we pension only one class of public servants—those in the army and navy; but in other countries civil servants also are pensioned. It is, in fact, merely a question of expediency, and the Governor's veto message opens the debate in the best temper. It will lead undoubtedly to a careful and thorough revision of the whole subject, and to the preparation of a bill less liable in details to the objections which the Governor, not unreasonably, suggests.

LEGISLATIVE BRIBERY.

It was hardly possible for the law officers of Albany County to remain silent and inactive after the emphatic and unqualified assertions of Mr. Tuthill's speech. That gentleman alleged, in his place as a member of the Assembly:

> "The room of A. D. Barbour has long been the head-quarters and den where legislation is bought and sold, and where certain legislators gamble with lobbyists and claim agents, and where a game of cards is made their veil to cover naked bribery. I know enough, sir, of what I am saying to take the responsibility of saying it."

This is quite enough for a prosecuting attorney and a Grand Jury, and Judge Alsteyne has properly called their attention to the subject. When a member of the Legislature accuses his associates of being bribed, and invites attention to his declaration that he knows who bribed them, that legislator, or his associates and their briber, should be made to suffer. Mr. Tuthill has made the most damaging charges against the honor of the State and of the Legislature, and has virtually asked to be put to the proof of their truth. Every facility should be afforded him, and if he can sustain his allegations against his fellow-members, it will go hard with them, and with the party to which they belong.

The allegation of legislative bribery at Albany is a familiar one, and it is safe to say that, according to common rumor, there are bills passed or defeated every year by the corrupt use of money. "Bribery in the Legislature!" exclaimed a skeptic, when the Bradley tale was told. "Bribery in the New York Legislature! Bribery in the Legislature in which Tweed used to sit! Incredible! Absurd! Such a thing was never whispered before!" The calculation of the Bradley plot, if it was a plot, was that the venality of some members would be taken for granted, and that corruption of some kind was so familiar that the story would have a strong air of probability. But Mr. Tuthill went farther. He not only charged Barbour and Edwards by name, but he said:

> "It is an open secret that the candidate of the corporations [Mr. Depew] is and has been for years their head lobbyist. A. D. Barbour has been his confederate and associate, and Edwards and the rest of the gang are the lieutenants in their work of infamy and corruption."

Here Mr. Tuthill makes the most distinct charge of infamous bribery and corruption against Mr. Depew. If he does not make it good, if he does not furnish the evidence upon which he asserts that a gentleman for whom a majority of the Republicans have voted as a Senator of the United States is an infamous knave, he must consent to be branded himself as a most malignant slanderer, unworthy of association with honorable men, and the faction for whose benefit the charge was made will share in the merited contempt which will overwhelm Mr. Tuthill.

In the absence of anything but Mr. Tuthill's assertion, Mr. Depew's character is the answer to a charge of personal corruption. His relations with the Central Railroad as legal counsel are known, but they have not been hitherto publicly declared, still less believed, to be dishonorable. Are such relations necessarily dishonorable? Mr. Conkling also has taken retainers from the Central Road to argue for it before a judge who was presumably appointed by Mr. Conkling's favor. But however unseemly such a position may be for a Senator of the United States, it does not prove him to be infamously corrupt. So long as the charge is a mere assertion, it is Mr. Tuthill, not Mr. Depew, who is justly odious, and Mr. Depew may rely upon the protection of an unsullied reputation, and a character hitherto unassailed.

THE POST-OFFICE PAYING ITS WAY.

The postal service of this country is maintained, not for revenue, but for the general benefit. The theory is that the money honestly paid for it is money most wisely spent to promote intelligence, intercourse, prosperity, and progress. But the Yankee would instinctively like to see it "pay." While he would not dwarf or diminish its scope, he has been long looking to see if somehow, by wiser management, it might not be made profitable.

Apparently his hope is to be fulfilled. The energy and skill and knowledge of Postmaster-General James, with the efficient co-operation of the sagacity and address of the Attorney-General, are producing striking results in the department which has generally been an enormous expense to the government. The rigorous exposure and breaking up of the Star Route swindles, made by those whom it is known that neither fear nor favor can affect, and the supervision of the department by an experienced master of the business, have already so lightened the burden as to raise the question whether the Post-office may not become self-sustaining.

Up to the middle of June, that is to say, during the first three months of the Garfield administration, the annual expenses of the Post-office have been reduced one million of dollars. The estimated receipts for the next year are $39,878,789, and the amount authorized to be expended is $40,955,432. So that a further reduction of about $80,000 will enable the department to pay its way. Whether an actual profit can be reached remains to be seen. But if it can be, a reduction in the rates of postage will doubtless be proposed by the Postmaster-General.

BLACKGUARDISM.

As the vituperation of some of our esteemed contemporaries in the Senatorial struggle is evidently exhausting itself, we shall do them a service by calling their attention to some gems of invective which were scattered from his opulent store by the late Lord Beaconsfield in his younger day, and which are collected by a late writer. The young Disraeli called Lord Melbourne "the sleekest swine in Epicurus' sty"; Palmerston and Grant were "two sleek and long-tailed rats"; Lord John Russell, "an infinitely small scarabæus," and "an insect"; and O'Connell, "a systematic liar and a beggarly cheat, a swindler, and a poltroon."

Here is a change from "ass," "fool," and "donkey" which is well worthy the attention of virtuosos in blackguardism. Why should not a lusty bravo of the press borrow from Disraeli this description of Lord Melbourne's cabinet, and apply it to his opponents? "I can compare them to nothing but the Schwalbach swine in the Brunnen Bubbles, guzzling and grunting in a bed of mire, fouling themselves and bedaubing every luckless passenger with their contaminating filth." This would be an agreeable relief from the dreary and meagre monotony of much denunciation of the Administration and its friends.

Here, again, is a very neat article of abuse, behind which some of the most voluble blackguardism of this contest merely pants and staggers:

> "It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body—to make him eat dirt, and his own words fouler than any filth—but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the *soi-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."

If that can not be surpassed, might it not be as well to abandon mere scurrility altogether?

EX-COMMISSIONER BENTLEY.

The removal of Pension-Commissioner Bentley is an act which, without further explanation, is greatly to be regretted. It is conceded that no fault was to be found with him, and that he was an admirable officer. That he was distasteful to pension agents and others may be the highest tribute to his fidelity and efficiency, and his removal because of such hostility—if it be the cause, as is generally understood—can be only an injury to the service.

If sturdily honest and devoted officers, whose duty it is to baffle plotters against the Treasury, are removed because of the opposition of such plotters, every devoted public officer will be discouraged, and the public service must necessarily suffer; for fit men will not be attracted to the service when they see that vigilant discharge of duty is no protection against arbitrary removal.

Such removal is a mistake of policy, because, in the great lull of party contention, the public mind is fixed upon the general vigor and efficiency of the Administration, and the Administration can serve itself and its party in no way so certainly as by pursuing the course which we have elsewhere indicated—the course which alone can insure the utmost economy, fidelity, and diligence in the conduct of the public business.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Frederick W. Shelton, rector of the Episcopal church at Carthage Landing, on the Hudson, was widely known for fine literary and scholarly abilities, and as the author of several charming works characterized by a vein of the finest humor. Among these may be named, *Salunder and the Dragon*, *The Rector of St. Bardolph's*, *Peeps from a Belfry*, etc., etc. He was also a frequent contributor to the magazines, and was greatly beloved for his admirable social qualities.

—Mr. George I. Seney, president of the Metropolitan Bank in this city, gave, on the 19th of June, $20,000 to the Wesleyan Female College in Macon, Georgia, in addition to the $50,000 given by him two months ago.

—The late Joseph Mackay, of Montreal, left an estate of $1,000,000, all of which, except $150,000 to a niece, is bequeathed to Protestant charities in Montreal, and missionary work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

—Dr. W. H. Russell in a recent letter says that since he was here at the beginning of the rebellion, Washington has undergone greater changes for the better than any place in the United States, and that it is now incomparably the most beautiful city in the Union.

—Archer, the jockey who won the Derby for Mr. Lorillard, is quite a character in England. In 1876 he is said to have earned $60,000 professionally. In 1875 he won 172 races; in 1876 he won 207; in 1877, 218; in 1878, 229; in 1879, 197; and in 1880, 120. He is petted like a prima donna, and is the companion of sporting lords. He travels from one race meeting to another in a first-class carriage, has only to ride his appointed horse, and keeps a valet to assist him in changing his dress. His yearly income is greater than that of a Prime Minister. This "insatiate Archer" is not "sufficed" save with many races.

—Dean Stanley has made another and very popular innovation in the services at Westminster Abbey. On church festivals that do not occur on Sunday, instead of giving the audience the usual half-hour preachment, he is so thoughtful as to preach only ten minutes. The worldly journals heartily commend this new practice of the good but eccentric Dean.

—Mrs. George Ward Nichols, wife of the author, and granddaughter of the late Nicholas Longworth, has established a pottery art school in Cincinnati. She is widely known in that propinquity for taste and talent in ceramics.

—Senator Hoar, it is said, has a promise that when Justice Clifford retires from the United States Supreme Court, his successor will be Chief Justice Gray, of Massachusetts. Judge Clifford is now seventy-eight years of age, and was appointed Associate Justice by President Buchanan in January, 1858. He is entitled to a retiring pension equal to his salary—$10,000 a year.

—Notwithstanding the large winnings of Mr. Lorillard with Iroquois at the Derby, and his successes with his other horses, he makes it no secret that the expenses of his stables at home and in England, up to the present time, are over $200,000 more than his gains.

—John P. Howard, of Burlington, Vermont, has given the university of Vermont $50,000 to endow the Howard Professorship of Natural History, purchase apparatus, etc., and to increase the university library. It is the largest individual gift ever made to that institution.

—Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, states, in his *American Almanac* for 1881, that the amount of gold and silver produced in the United States during the last fiscal year is $73,700,000.

—Hon. Mr. West, who is announced as the successor of Sir Edward Thornton at Washington, is fifty-four years of age, and a brother of Lord De La Warr. He is a bachelor of handsome presence, fond of society, and liberal in hospitality. He is now British Minister at Madrid.

—The Princess Louise knows other things than the polite ones sometimes supposed to be only permissible to royalty. In the clever article on "Life at Rideau Hall," in the July number of Harper's Magazine, it is stated that the Princess does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A lady dining lately at the Hall alluded to the excellence of the oyster *pâtés*. "Yes," replied one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Princess, "they were made by her Royal Highness."

—The late Eli Bates, of Chicago, has left $40,000 for the erection of a monument to President Lincoln at the entrance of Lincoln Park in that city, and $25,000 to the Industrial School.

—General Ignatieff, the new Russian Prime Minister, entered the army when seventeen years of age, and gained quick promotion. In 1860 he made a very favorable treaty with the Chinese, obtaining for Russia a large grant of territory. For this service he was raised to the rank of General when only twenty-eight years old.

—Mr. William Boucicault, who died suddenly a few days since in London, was the oldest of three brothers, of whom Dion is the youngest. He and the second brother, George, went young to Australia to seek their fortunes, and founded the Melbourne *Argus*, which by their ability and energy they worked into a valuable property, returning to England some years since with a handsome fortune.

—Mr. William Chase, who died in Paris on the 21st of June, was for several years on the staff of the New York *Herald*, and was very highly esteemed by his professional brethren. He was a graduate of Brown University, and subsequently a professor in Richmond College, Virginia. Latterly he had devoted much time to the preparation of a History of French Literature for Colleges and High Schools. He was a man of scholarly tastes and habits, the master of an easy, graceful style, and his last work, nearly completed, will, when published, be a valuable addition to literature.

—Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Leonard Jerome's son-in-law, is described in a recent London letter as "always well dressed, always at his ease, and always in his place, however late the House may be sitting. He has all the industry of the bee, and all the flightiness of the butterfly. Serenely unconscious of any presumption on his own part, or of any superiority in the personnel of the other side of the House, Lord Randolph assails the ministerial bench night after night with offensive questions and irritating comments, goading Mr. Gladstone into fury, bringing down the hardest blows of the hard-hitting Sir William Harcourt, provoking rudenesses from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and even angering the placable Mr. Forster. He is a very Parliamentary mosquito. His sting is sharp, but it is not dangerous; it is impossible to shake him off, and if you manage to drive him away for a moment, there he is again, as troublesome as ever. At question time Lord Randolph is 'all there.' He has generally at least half a dozen queries to put, most of them of a trifling but irritating character, and nearly all of them bringing down upon him an official snub, which would crush any more sensitive man. He reads the 'society papers,' evidently with great care, and nothing maddens a minister more than a question which he loves to put on information derived from some stray paragraph in *Vanity Fair* or *Truth*."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1277.]

The Beautiful Wretch: A Brighton Story.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," "A PRINCESS OF THULE,"
"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW POSSIBILITIES.

"MANY people have told me I am very like what Nan used to be," continued Miss Madge, pleasantly. "And there is a photograph of her— Let me see, where is it?"

She went to a table and opened an album, his eyes following her with wonder and a vague bewildered delight. For this was a new acquisition to the world; another Nan; a Nan free from all hateful ties; a Nan not engaged to be married. Presently she returned with a card in her hand.

"It was taken at Rome the time Nan went to Italy. That's more than three years now. I think myself it is like me; though it is rather too young for me."

It was indeed remarkably like. But yet sure enough it was Nan—the Nan that he remembered walking about the brilliant hot gardens at Bellagio. Here she was standing at a table; her head bent down; her hand placed on an open book. It was a pretty attitude; but it hid Nan's eyes.

"Yes, it would do capitally as a portrait of you," he said, quickly; "no wonder I was mistaken. And your sister Edith, has she grown up to be like your eldest sister in the same way?"

"Oh no; Edith never was like the rest of us: Edith is dark, you know—"

Any further discussion of Miss Edith's appearance was stopped by the entrance of that young lady herself, who was preceded by her mamma. Lady Beresford received Captain King very kindly, and repeated her son's invitation that he should dine with them that evening. And had he seen the Strathernes since his return? And how long did he propose remaining in Brighton? And which hotel was he staying at?

The fact was, Captain King was still a little bewildered. He answered as he best could Lady Beresford's questions, and also replied to some profound remarks of Miss Edith's concerning the rough weather in the Channel; but all the time his eyes were inadvertently straying to the younger girl, who had gone to restore Nan's portrait to its place, and he was astonished to see how this family likeness could extend even to the pose of the figure and the motion of the hand. He could almost have believed now that that was Nan there; only he had been told that the real Nan—no doubt very much altered—was for the time being staying with some friends at Lewes.

In due time he went away to his hotel to dress for dinner—an operation that was somewhat mechanically performed. He was thinking chiefly of what Mr. Tom had told him in the railway carriage concerning the young gentleman who had been warned off by the Vice-Chancellor. He had taken little interest in the story then; now he was anxious to recollect it. Certainly Miss Madge did not seem to have suffered much from that separation.

When he returned to Brunswick Terrace, he found that the only other guest of the evening had arrived, and was in the drawing-room with the family. From the manner in which this gentleman held himself aloof from Miss Edith, and did not even speak to her or appear to recognize her presence, Frank King concluded that he must be Miss Edith's suitor—no other, indeed, than the person whom Mr. Tom had called Soda-water. Soda-water, if this were he, was a man of about five-and-thirty, of middle height, fresh-complexioned, and of wiry build, looking more like an M. F. H., in fact, than anything else. His clothes seemed to fit well, but perhaps that was because he had a good figure; in the middle of his spacious shirt front shone a large opal, surrounded with small diamonds.

Captain King had the honor of taking Lady Beresford down to dinner, and he sat between her and Miss Madge. It soon became apparent that there was going to be no lack of conversation. John Roberts, the soda-water manufacturer, was a man who had a large enjoyment of life, and liked to let people know it, though without the least ostentation or pretense on his part. He took it for granted that all his neighbors must necessarily be as keenly interested as himself in the horse he had ridden that morning to the meet of the Southdown fox-hounds, and in the run from Henderley Wood through the Buxted covers to Crowborough village. But then he was not at all bound up in either fox-hounds or harriers. He was as deeply interested as any one present in the fancy-dress ball of the next week, and knew all the most striking costumes that were being prepared. No matter what it was—old oak, the proposed importation of Chinese servants, port-wine, diamonds, black-Wedgwood, hunters, furred driving-coats, anything, in short, that was sensible, and practical, and English, and conduced to man's solid comfort and welfare in this far too speculative and visionary world—he talked about all such things with vigor, precision, and delight. The substantial, healthy look of him was something in a room. Joy radiated from him. When you heard him describe how damsons could best be preserved, you could make sure that there was a firm and healthy digestion: he was not one of the wretched creatures who prolong their depressed existence by means of Angostura bitters, and only wake up to an occasional flicker of life at the instigation of sour Champagne.

This talk of the joyous Roberts was chiefly addressed to Lady Beresford; so it gave Frank King plenty of opportunity of making the acquaintance of Nan's younger sister. And she seemed anxious to be very pleasant and kind to him. She wanted to know all about Kingscourt, and what shooting they had had. She told him how they passed the day at Brighton, and incidentally mentioned that they generally walked on the Pier in the forenoon.

"But you won't be going to-morrow, will you?" he said, quickly.

"Why not?" she said.

"I am afraid the weather promises to be wild. The wind is southwest, and freshening. Listen."

There was a faint, intermittent, monotonous rumble outside that told of the breaking of the sea on the beach.

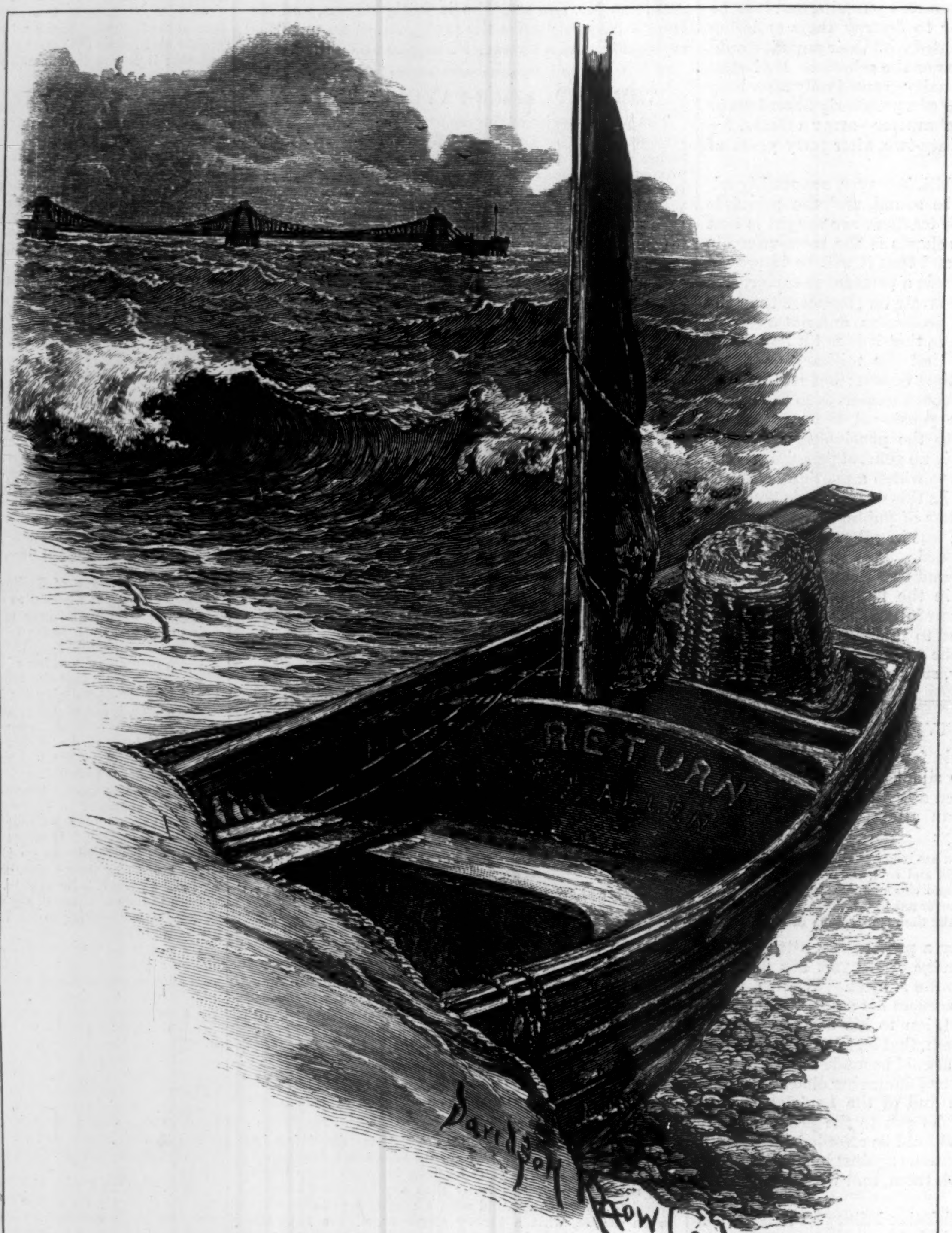
"That ground-swell generally comes before a storm," he said. "I thought it looked bad as I came along."

"Why should you prophesy evil?" she said, petulantly.

"Oh, well, let us look at the chances on the other side," he said, with good-humor. "The best of Brighton is that there is nothing to catch and hold the clouds; so, with a fresh southerly wind, you may have them blown away inland, and then you will have breaks of fine weather. And then the streets dry up quickly in Brighton."

"But all that means that it's going to be a wet day," she said, as if he were responsible.

"With breaks, I hope," he answered, cheerfully. "And then, you know, living at Brighton, you ought to be half a sailor—you shouldn't mind a shower."



"BUT IN THE MORNING, WHEN BRIGHTON AWOKE, IT FOUND THAT THE WORST OF THE STORM HAD PASSED OVER."

"Oh, but I do," she said. "It's all very well for Nan to get on her thick boots and her water-proof, and go splashing away across ploughed fields. I wonder what the house would be like if every one went on in that way, and came home all over mud!"

However, Madge soon repented of her petulance, and was quite attentively kind to the new guest, even reproving him for not attending to his dinner, and letting things pass.

Dinner over, Mr. Tom took his mother's seat, and somewhat grandly sent round the wine. As nobody took any, and as starting subjects of interest was not Mr. Tom's strong point, he suddenly proposed that they should go into the billiard-room and send for the girls. This was acceded to at once.

Now billiards is a game in which a good deal of favor can be shown, in a more or less open way. Mr. Tom, having no one of sufficient skill to match himself against, chose to mark, and directed the remaining four to have a double-handed game. Mr. Roberts immediately declared that Madge and himself would play Captain King and Miss Edith. This was assented to in silence—though Madge did not look well pleased—and the game began.

Very soon Mr. Tom said: "What's the matter with you, Madge? Are you playing dark? Have you got money on?"

Frank King followed Madge, and it was most extraordinary how she was always missing by a hair's-breadth, and leaving balls over pockets.

"What do you mean, Madge?" Mr. Tom protested. "Why didn't you put the white ball in, and go into balk?"

"I don't play Whitechapel," said Madge, proudly.

Frank King and his partner seemed to be getting on very well; somehow Madge and the joyous Roberts did not score.

"Look here," said Mr. Tom, addressing the company at large, after she had missed an easy shot. "She's only humbugging. She's a first-rate player. She could give any one of you thirty in a hundred, and make you wish you had never been born. I say it's all humbug. She's a first-rate player: why, she once beat me, playing even."

But even this protest did not hinder Frank King and Edith coming out triumphant winners; and Madge did not seem at all depressed by her defeat, though she said apologetically to Mr. Roberts that one could not play one's best always.

Mr. Tom perceived that this would not do; so he fell back on pool (penny and sixpenny), so that each should fight for his own hand. He himself took a ball, but being strong, and also magnanimous, would have no more than two lives.

Here, however, a strange thing happened. Frank King's ball was yellow; Madge's, green; Mr. Tom's, brown. Now, by some mysterious process, that yellow ball was always in a commanding position near the middle of the table, while, when Mr. Tom came to play, the green ball was as invariably under a cushion.

"Well, you *are* a sniggler, Madge," said her brother, becoming very angry. "You play for not a single thing but the cushion. I didn't think you cared so much for twopence-halfpenny in coppers."

"How can I play out when you follow?" said Madge; but even that flattery of his skill was unavailing.

"Wait a bit," said he. "I'll catch you. You can't always sniggle successfully. Even Roberts himself—I beg your pardon, Mr. Roberts; it was the other Roberts I meant—couldn't always get under the cushion. Wait a bit."

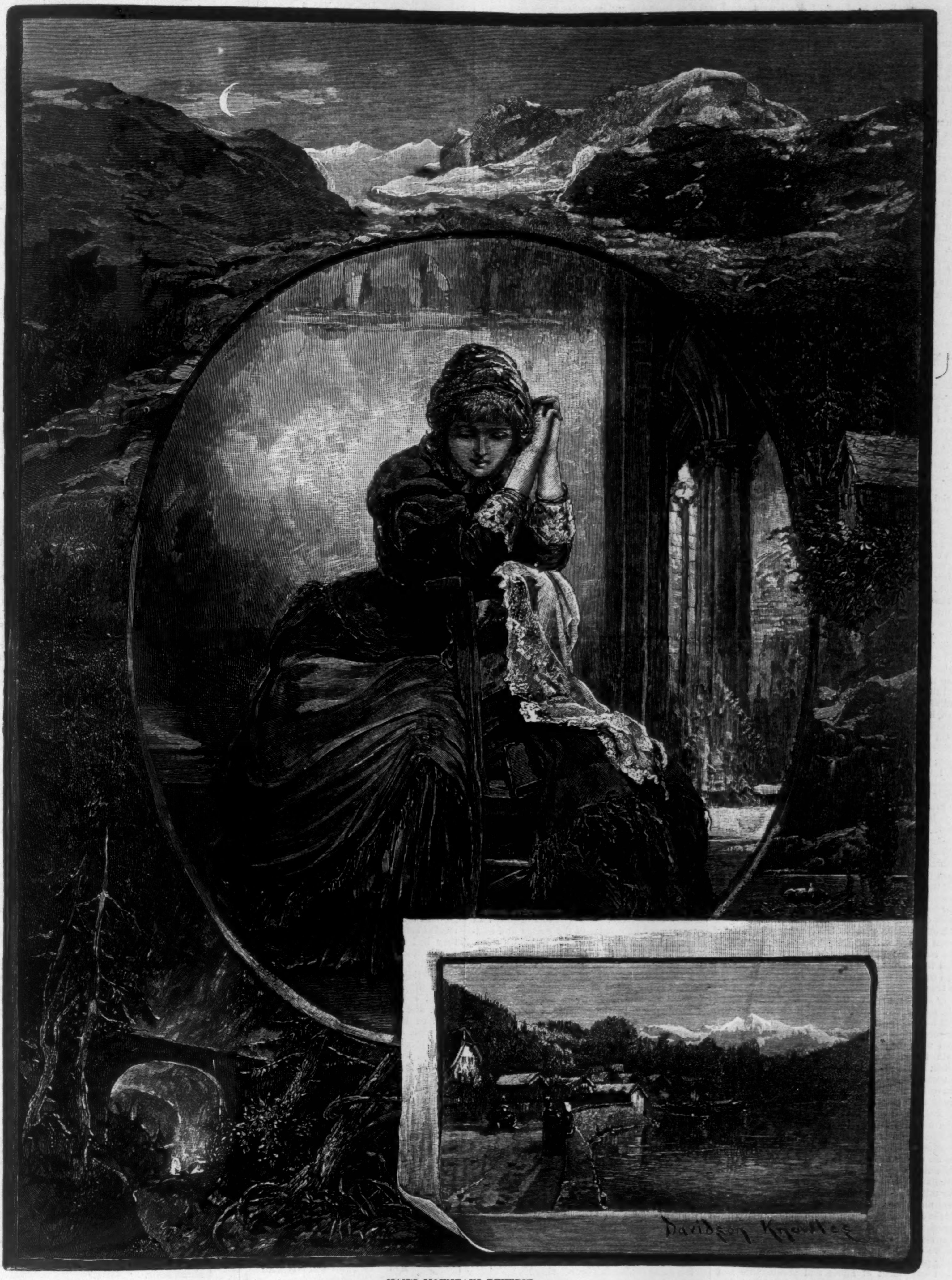
There was no doubt that Madge was a most provoking and persistent sniggler. She would play for nothing, and the consequence was that Frank King, to his own intense astonishment, found himself possessed of his original three lives, while everybody else's lives were slowly dwindling down. She played with such judgment, indeed, that Mr. Tom at length got seriously angry, and began to hit wildly at the green ball in the savage hope of fluking it, the inevitable result being that he ran in himself twice, and departed from the game—and from the room too, saying he was going to smoke a cigar.

Then these four diverged into various varieties of the game, in all of which Madge was Frank King's champion and instructress; and he was very grateful to her, and tried to do his best—though he was chiefly engaged in thinking that her clear blue-gray eyes were so singularly like Nan's eyes. Indeed, Madge had now to put forth all her skill, for he and she were playing partners against the other two, and it was but little help she got from him.

"I am very sorry," he said to her, after making a fearfully bad shot. "I ought to apologize."

"At all events, don't always leave the red ball over a pocket," she said, sharply—but that may have been less temper than an evidence that she was really in earnest about the game.

Moreover, they came out victors after all, and she was greatly pleased; and she modestly disclaimed what he said about her hav-



NAN'S MOUNTAIN REVERIE.

ing done all the scoring, and said she thought he played very well considering how few opportunities he must have had of practicing. As she said so—looking frankly toward him—he thought that was just the way Nan would have spoken. The pleasant and refined expression of the mouth was just the same, and there was the same careless grace of the fair hair that escaped from its bonds in fascinating tangles. He thought her face was a little less freckled than Nan's—perhaps she did not brave the sunlight and the sea-air so much.

The evening passed with a wonderful rapidity. When Mr. Tom came back again into the room—followed by a servant bringing Seltzer-water and things—they found it was nearly eleven.

"I must bid your mamma good-night, and be off," said Frank King to Madge.

"Oh," she said, "it is unnecessary. Mamma goes to her room early. She will make her excuses to you to-morrow."

In an instant the pale, pretty face had flushed up.

"I mean when you call again—if you are not going back to London at once," she stammered.

"Oh no," he said, quite eagerly, "I am not going back to London at once. I may stay here some little time. And of course I shall call and see your mamma again, if I may—perhaps to-morrow."

"Then we may see you again," she said, pleasantly, as she offered him her hand. "Good-night. Edith and I will leave you to your billiards and cigars. And I hope your prophecies are not going to interfere with our morning walk to-morrow. When there is a heavy sea coming in, you see it very well from the New Pier. Good-night."

Miss Madge went up stairs to her room; but instead of composing her mind to sleep, she took out writing materials, and wrote this letter:

"DEAR OLD MOTHER NAN,—You won't guess who is below at this moment—11 P. M.—playing billiards with Tom and Mr. Roberts. Captain King. If I were he, I would call myself Holford-King, for that sounds better. Edith says he is greatly improved, and she always said he was nice-looking. I think he is improved. He was not in uniform of course, which was a pity, for I remember him before; but, at all events, he wore neat plain gold studs, and not a great big diamond or opal. I can't bear men wearing jewels like that; why don't they wear a string of pearls round their neck? I have been in such a fright. H. sent me a letter—not in his own handwriting. Isn't it silly? I don't want my name in the papers. Tom says they will put him in prison, 'like winking,' if he is not careful. It is stupid; and of course I shall not answer it, or have anything to do with him. Mr. Roberts dined here this evening. I think he has too much to say for himself. I like quiet and gentlemanly men. Captain King and his party got 135 pheasants last Thursday, to say nothing of hares and rabbits; so I suppose they have good shooting. I wish they would ask Tom. *C. J.* has disappeared from Brighton so far as I can make out; and I beleive [*sic*] he is haunting the neighborhood of Lewes, looking out for a certain old Mother Hubbard. Happily he has got nothing to fear from the Chancery people; I suppose they daren't interfere with the Church. My seal-skin coat has come back; it is beautiful now; and I have got a hat and feather exactly the same color as my Indian red skirt, so I think they will go very well together. The seal-skin looks blacker than it was. The sea is rough to-night, but I hope to get down the Pier to-morrow morning. Brighton is fearfully crowded just now; and you should come away from that sleepy old Lewes, and have a look at your friends. Good-night, dear Nan.

"MADGE."

CHAPTER XIII.

ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN.

THE woman is not born who can quite forget the man who has once asked her to become his wife, even though at the moment she may have rejected the offer without a thought of hesitation. Life with her, as with all of us, is so much a matter of experiment, and so rarely turns out to be what one anticipated, that even when she is married, and surrounded with children, husband, and friends, she can not but at times bethink herself of that proposal, and wonder what would have happened if she had accepted it. Would her own life have been fuller, happier, less occupied with trivial and sordid cares? Would he have become as great and famous if she had married him, and hampered him with early ties? Might not she—supposing things to have gone the other way—have saved him from utter ruin, and have given him courage and hope? After all, there is nothing more important in the world than human happiness; and as the simple "Yes" or "No" of maidenhood may decide the happiness of not one but two lives, that is why it is a matter of universal interest in song and story; and that is why quite elderly people, removed by half a century from such frivolities themselves, but nevertheless possessed of memory and a little imagination, and still conscious that life has been throughout a puzzle and a game of chance, and that even in their case it might have turned out very differently, find themselves awaiting with a strange curiosity and anxiety the decision of some child of seventeen, knowing no more of the world than a baby dormouse.

On the other hand, the woman who does not marry is still less likely to forget such an offer. Here, plainly enough, was a turning-point in her life: what has happened since, she owes to her decision then. And as an unmarried life is naturally and necessarily an unfulfilled life, where no great duty or purpose steps in to stop the gap, it is but little wonder if in moments of disquietude or unrest the mind should travel away in strange speculations, and if the memory of a particular person should be kept very green indeed. Nan Beresford, at the age of twenty, would have been greatly shocked if you had told her that during the past three years she had been almost continually thinking about the young sailor whom she had rejected at Bellagio. Had she not been most explicit—even eagerly explicit? Had she not experienced an extraordinary sense of relief when he was well away from the place, and when she could prove to herself in close self-examination that she was in no way to blame for what had occurred? She was a little sorry for him, it is true; but she could not believe that it was a very serious matter. He would soon forget that idle dream in the brisk realities of his profession; and he would show that he was not like those other young men who came fluttering round her sisters with their simmering sentimentalities and vain flirtations. Above all, she had been explicit. That episode was over and closed. It was attached to Bellagio: leaving Bellagio, they would leave it also behind. And she was glad to get away from Bellagio.

Yes, Nan would have been greatly shocked if you had told her that during these three years she had been frequently thinking of Frank King—except, of course, in the way any one may think of an officer in her Majesty's navy, whose name sometimes appears in the Admiralty appointments in the newspapers. Her mind was set on far other and higher things. It was the churches and pictures of Italy that began it—the frescoes in the cloisters, the patient sculpture telling of the devotion of lives, even the patient needle-work on the altars. She seemed to breathe the atmosphere of an Age of Faith. And when, after a long period of delightful reverie abroad, and mystical enjoyment of music and architecture and painting, all combining to place their noblest gifts at the service of religion, she returned to her familiar home in Brighton, some vague desire still remained in her heart that she might be able to make something beautiful of her life, something less selfish and worldly than the lives of most she saw around her. And it so happened that among her friends those who seemed to her most earnest in their faith and most ready to help the poor and the suffering, those who had the highest ideals of existence, and strove faithfully to reach these, were mainly among the High-Church folk. Insensibly she drew nearer and nearer to them. She took no interest at all in any of the controversies then raging about the position of the ritualists in the Church of England; it was persons, not principles, that claimed her regard; and when she saw that So-and-so and So-and-so in her own small circle of friends were living, or striving to live, pure and noble and self-sacrificing lives, she threw in her lot with them, and she was warmly welcomed. For Nan was popular in a way. All that acerbity of her younger years had now ripened into a sort of sweet and tolerant good-humor. Tom Beresford called her a papist, and angrily told her to give up "that incense dodge"; but he was very fond of her all the same, and honored her alone with his confidence, and would have no one to say any ill of her. Nay, for her sake he consented to be civil to the Rev. Mr. Jacomb.

Of Charles Jaoomb it need only be said at present that he had recently been transferred to an extremely High Church at Brighton from an equally High Church in a large, populous, and poor parish in the southeast of London, where the semi-Catholic services had succeeded in attracting a considerable number of people who otherwise would probably have gone to no church at all. It was his description of his work in this neighborhood that had won for him the respect and warm esteem of Nan Beresford. The work was hard. The services were almost continuous; there was a great deal of visitation to be got through; in these labors he naturally ran against cases of distress that no human being could withstand; and he had £60 a year. Moreover, there were no delicate compensations such as attend the labors of curates in some more favored places. There was not—Mr. Jacomb emphatically remarked—there was not a gentleman in the parish. When he went to Brighton he had considerably less work, and a great deal more of dinners and society, and pleasant attentions. And Mr. Jacomb, while he was a devoted, earnest, and hard-working priest, was also an Englishman, and liked his dinner, and that was how he became acquainted with the Beresfords, and gradually grew to be an intimate friend of the family. His attentions to Nan were marked, and she knew it. She knew, although he had said nothing to her about it, that he wished her to be his wife; and though she would rather have been enabled to devote her life to some good end in some other way, was not this the only way open to her? By herself, she was so helpless to do anything. So many of her friends seemed to cultivate religion as a higher species of emotion—a sort of luxurious satisfaction that ended with themselves. Nan wanted to do something. If Mr. Jacomb had still been in the southeast of London, working on his £60 a year, Nan would have had no doubt as to what she ought to do.

But Nan had very serious doubt; more than that, she sometimes broke down, and delivered herself over to the devil. At such times a strange yearning would take possession of her; the atmosphere of exalted religious emotion in which she lived would begin to feel stifling; at all costs, she would have to get out of this hot-house and gain a breath of brisk sea air. And then she would steal away like a guilty thing on one of her long land cruises along the coast; and she would patiently talk to the old shepherds on the downs, and wait for their laconic answers; and she would make observations to the coast-guardsmen about the weather; and always her eyes, which were very clear and long-sighted, were on the outlook for Singing Sal. Then, if by some rare and happy chance she did run across that free-and-easy vagrant, they always had a long chat together, Sal very respectful, the young lady very matter-of-fact; and generally the talk came round to be about sailors. Nan Beresford had got to know the rig of every vessel that sailed the sea. Further than that, she herself was unaware that every morning as she opened the newspaper she inadvertently turned first of all to the "Naval and Military Intelligence," until she had acquired an extraordinary knowledge of the goings and comings and foreign stations of her Majesty's ships. And if she sometimes reflected that most officers were transferred to home stations for a time, or took their leave in the ordinary way, and also that she had never heard of Captain King—for she saw he had been made Commander on account of some special service—being in England, was it not natural that she might have a secret consciousness that she was perhaps responsible for his long banishment?

But these solitary prowls along the coast and these conferences with Singing Sal were wrong, and she knew they were wrong; and she went back to the calmer atmosphere of those beautiful services in which the commonplace, vulgar world outside was forgotten. She grew, indeed, to have a mysterious feeling that to her the Rev. Charles Jacomb personified Religion, and that Singing Sal in like manner was a sort of high priestess of Nature, and that they were in deadly antagonism. They were Ormuzd and Ahriman. She was a strangely fanciful young woman, and she dwelt much on this thing, until, half fearing certain untoward doubts and promptings of her heart, she began to think that if now and at once Mr. Jacomb would only ask her to be his wife, she would avoid all perils and confusions by directly accepting him, and so decide her future forever.

But that morning that brought her Madge's letter saying that Captain Frank King was in Brighton, Nan was singularly disturbed. She was staying with the Rev. Mr. Clarke and his wife—an old couple who liked to have their house brightened occasionally by the presence of some one of younger years. They were good people—very, very good, and a little tedious. Nan, however, was allowed considerable liberty; and was sometimes away the whole day from breakfast-time till dinner.

Madge had written her letter in a hurry, but did not post it, in her inconsequential fashion, until the afternoon of the next day, so that Nan got it on the morning of the following day. She read and re-read it; and then, somehow, she wanted to think about it in the open, under the wide skies, near the wide sea. She wanted to go out—and think. And she was a little bit terrified to find that her heart was beating fast.

She made some excuse or other after breakfast, and departed. It was a clear, beautiful December morning, the sun shining brilliantly on the evergreens and on the red houses of the bright, clean, picturesque, English-looking old town. She went down to the station, and waited for the first train going to Newhaven. When it came in, she took her place; and away the train went, at no breakneck speed, down the wide valley of the Ouse, which even on this cold December morning looked pleasant and cheerful enough. For here and there the river caught a steely-blue light from the sky overhead; and the sunshine shone along the round chalk hills; and there were little patches of villages far away among the dusk of the leafless trees, where the church spire rising into the blue seemed to attract the wheeling of pigeons. To Nan it was all a familiar scene: she frequently spent the day in this fashion.

Nan was now three years older than when we last saw her at Bellagio. Perhaps she had not grown much prettier, and she never had great pretensions that way; but along with the angularity, so to speak, of her ways of thinking, she had also lost the boniness of her figure. She was now more fully formed, though her figure was still slender and graceful; and she had acquired a grave and sweet expression, that spoke of a very kindly, humorous, tolerant nature within. Children came to her readily, and she let them pull her hair. She was incapable of a harsh judgment. The world seemed beautiful to her, and she enjoyed living, especially when she was on the high downs overlooking the sea.

This getting out into the open was on this occasion a great relief to her. She argued with herself. What did it matter to her whether Frank King were in Brighton, or even that he had been at the house in Brunswick Terrace, dining and playing billiards? He had probably forgotten that ever he had been at Bellagio. She was glad the weather was fine. No doubt her sisters would soon be setting out for their morning stroll down the Pier.

Nan had taken her ticket for Newhaven Wharf, with a vague intention of walking from thence by the short-cut to Seaford, and from Seaford to Alfriston, and so back to Lewes. However, when the train stopped, she thought she would have a look at the harbor; and very pretty and bright and busy it appeared on this clear morning; the brass and copper of the steamers all polished up; flags flying; the sun brilliant on the green water of the estuary and on the blue water of the ponds beyond that were ruffled with the wind. Then, just below her, came in the ferry-boat. She thought she would cross (though that was not the way to Seaford). When she got to the other side, the slopes leading up to the fort seemed temptingly high; she knew that from the summit of the downs this morning one would have a splendid view. And so, perhaps from mere habit, she took the old familiar road—past the coast-guard station, past the pools of ruffled water, up the valley by the farmstead, and so on to the high and solitary downs overlooking the wide, moving, shining sea.

Brighton ought to be fair and beautiful on such a morning as this; perhaps by-and-by she might come to have a glimpse of the pale yellow terraces of the distant town. No doubt by this time Edith and Madge were on the Pier—Madge with her red skirt and black seal-skin coat. Madge always dressed smartly—perhaps even a trifle boldly. The band would be playing now. In the sheltered places it would be almost warm; there you could sit down and talk, and watch the ships go by. She supposed that in course of time they would go back for luncheon. That was always a merry meal at home. They generally had visitors whom they had met casually—on the Pier or in the King's Road.

So Nan was thinking and dreaming as she walked idly along, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a sound as of music. She looked round: there was no human being in sight, and the telegraph wires, which sometimes deceived the ear, were far too far away. Then as she went on again she discovered whence the sound proceeded—from a little wooden hut facing the sea, which had probably been erected there as a shelter for the coast-guardsmen. As she drew nearer she recognized the staccato twanging of a guitar; so she made sure this was Singing Sal. She drew nearer still—her footsteps unheard on the smooth turf—and then she discovered that Sal was singing away to herself, not for amusement, as was her wont, but for practice. There were continual repetitions. Nan got quite close to the hut, and listened.

Singing Sal was doing her very best. She was singing with very great effect; and she had a hard, clear voice that could make itself heard, if it was not of very fine quality. But what struck Nan was the clever fashion in which this woman was imitating the Newcastle burr. It was a pitman's song, with a refrain something like this:

"*Ho thy way,** my bonnie bairn,
Ho thy way, upon my airm,
Ho thy way, thou still may learn
To say Dada sae bonnie."

It was very clear that Sal was proud of her performance; and she had a good right to be, for she had caught the guttural accent to perfection. For the rest, it was an instructive song to be sung as a lullaby to a child; for this was what Nan more or less made out amid the various experiments and repetitions:

"Oh, Johnnie is a clever lad;
Last neet he fuddled all he had;
This morn he wasna very bad;
He looked the best of ony.

"When Johnnie's drunk he'll tak a knife,
And threaten sair to hae my life:
Wha wadna be a pitman's wife,
To hae a lad like Johnnie?

"Yonder's Johnnie coming noo:
He looks the best of a' the crew.
They've all gone to the Barley Moo,
To hae a glass wi' Johnnie.

"So let's go get the bacon fried,
And let us mak a clean fireside,
And when he comes he will thee ride
Upon his knee sae cannie.

"*Ho thy way,* my bonnie bairn,
Ho thy way, upon my airm,
Ho thy way, thou still may learn.
To say Dada sae bonnie."

But this was likely to go on forever; so Nan quietly stepped round to the door of the hut, where she found Singing Sal sitting on the little cross-bench, entirely occupied with her guitar and the new song. When she looked up, on finding the door darkened, she did not scream; her nerves were not excitable.

"Oh, dear me, is it you, miss?" she said. "No wonder I did not hear ye, for I was making enough noise myself. I hope you are very well, miss; it is many a day since I have seen you on the downs."

"I have been living in Lewes for some time," said Nan. "I have been listening to the song you were singing. That is not the kind of song that sailors like, is it?"

So they had begun about sailors again; and the good genius Ormuzd was clean forgotten.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT HOME.

ALL that night, as Frank King had feared, a heavy gale from the southwest raged furiously, the wind shaking the houses with violent gusts, the sea thundering along the beach. But in the morning, when Brighton awoke, it found that the worst of the storm had passed over, leaving only a disturbed and dangerous look about the elements, and also a singular clearness in the air, so that the low hard colors of water and land and sky were strangely intense and vivid. Near the shore the sea had been beaten into a muddy brown, then that melted into a cold green further out, and that again deepened and deepened until it was lost in a narrow line of ominous purple, black just where the sea met the vague and vaporous gray sky. In fact, at this moment, the seaward view from any Brighton window resembled nothing so much as an attempt at water-color that a school-girl has got into a hopeless mess through washing and washing away at her skies until she has got her heaviest color smudged over the horizon line.

But then that was only temporary. Every few minutes another change would steal over this strange, shifting, clear, dark world. Sometimes a long streak of sunny green, as sharp as the edge of a knife, far out at sea, told that there was some unseen rift declaring itself overhead in that watery sky. Then a pale grayness would come up from the southwest and slowly cover over Worthing as with a veil; and then again that could be seen to go trailing away inland, and the long spur beyond the bay appear blacker than ever. Sometimes, too, as if in contrast with all these cold hard tones and colors, a wonder of light would slowly concentrate on the far cliffs in the east, until Seaford Head became a mass of glorified golden white, hung apparently between sea and sky. Altogether it was not a day to tempt fashionable folk to go out for their accustomed promenade; and assuredly it was not a day, supposing them bent on going out, to suggest that they should be too elaborate about their costume.

Nevertheless, when Miss Madge Beresford came into the billiard-room, where her brother was patiently practicing the spot stroke, her appearance seemed to produce a great effect.

"Well, we *have* got on a swagger dress this time!" cried Mr. Tom, who, though he had never been to Oxford, was a genuine free-trader in slang, and was ready to import it from anywhere.

He stared at her—at her dark Indian red hat and skirt, and her long tight-fitting black seal-skin coat—and she bore the scrutiny patiently.

"You are not going out on a morning like this?" he said at length.

"There is no rain now, and the streets are quite dry," pleaded Madge. "I know it's going to be fine."

"It's no use, Baby. There won't be a soul to admire your new dress. Better go and finish those slippers for me."

He proceeded with his billiards.

"Won't you come, Tom?" she said. "I went to the bazar with you when you wanted to see Kate Harman."

"Wanted to see Kate Harman!" he said, contemptuously. "Couldn't anybody see Kate Harman who paid half a crown at the door?"

"But I took you up and introduced you to her."

"Introduced me to her! What introduction do you need at a stall at a bazar except to pay a couple of sovereigns for a shilling's worth of scent? Who told you I wanted to speak to Kate Harman? I'll tell you what it is, Baby, it's very unladylike to impute motives."

"I never did anything of the kind," said his sister, hotly. "Never."

She did not quite understand what accusation had been brought against her; but she did not like the sound of the word "unladylike."

"Very well," said he, laying down his cue, "since you say I am incapable of speaking the truth, I suppose I must go and walk up and down the Pier with you. There's one thing sure—*I* sha'n't be stared at."

So he went and got his hat and cane and gloves, and when he had buttoned himself all over into the smallest possible compass, he called for his sister, and together they went out into the gusty, clear, sea-scented morning.

They had the spacious thoroughfare nearly to themselves, though the pavements were fairly dry now. For the day was wild-looking still; the occasional gleam of sunlight was spectral and watery; and a black shadow melting into a soft gray told of showers falling far away at sea. At a great many drawing-room windows, coffee-room windows, club windows, were people standing, their hands behind their back, apparently uncertain whether or not to venture out. And no doubt some of these, remarking Tom and Madge Beresford pass, must have thought they formed a very handsome couple—the tall, well-built young fellow, who looked three-and-twenty though he was not so much, and the pretty girl of eighteen, who also had a good figure, and walked well. Their features were much alike, too; most would have guessed them to be brother and sister.

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* I do not know what this means. "Hold thy wail?" The song is a common one in the north of England.

"I observe," remarked Mr. Tom, profoundly, as he gazed with admiration at his own boots, "that when I come out with you, Baby, I have to do all the talking. When I go out with Nan, now, she does it all, and I am amused. It isn't that I am selfish; but a girl come to your time of life—a woman, indeed—ought to cultivate the art of amusing people. There is a want of originality about you—"

"There is a want of politeness about you," said Miss Madge, calmly.

"There is not that flow of ideas that helps one to pass the time. Now that ought to be the business of women. Men who have the hard work of the world to get through require to be entertained, and women should make a study of it, and learn to be amusing—"

"You won't talk like that to your rich widow," said his sister, "when you have to go to her for a check."

"Now there's what I would call a sort of vacuity in your mind," he continued, bending his cane from time to time on the pavement, "that might be filled up with something. You might read the newspapers. You might get to know that a Conservative government and a Liberal government are not in office at the same time—not generally, at least."

"Tom," she said, "do you think you could get Captain King to come to the Hunt ball?"

He glanced at her suspiciously.

"Captain King!" said he. "How do you know I am going to see Captain King again? How do you know that he did not go back to town this morning?"

"Because," she answered, with her eyes fixed on some distant object—"because I can see him on the Pier."

Tom Beresford had a quick, dark suspicion that he had been made a fool of, even while he was lecturing his sister on her ignorance; but he was not going to admit anything of the kind.

"Yes," he said, carelessly, "I fancy that is King coming along. I hope he won't be gone before we get there; I want him to tell me where he gets his boots. Mine aren't bad, you know," he said, glancing approvingly at those important objects; "but there's a style about his that I rather fancy."

"Don't forget about the ball, Tom," said his sister; "it would be very nice if we could get up a little party amongst ourselves."

But Tom, as he walked along, continued to glance down at his glazed boots in a thoughtful and preoccupied manner; it was clear that his mind was charged concerning them.

Frank King was on the Pier, and very few others besides, except the musicians in their box. He threw away a cigar, and came forward quickly. His face expressed much pleasure, though he regarded Madge Beresford with something of timidity.

"I was afraid you would not venture out on such a morning," he said, looking at the clear blue-gray eyes that were immediately turned away.

Her manner was civil, but that was all. She shook hands with him, of course, and regarded him for half a second; but then she turned aside somewhat, so that he and Tom might talk together. For he was Mr. Tom's friend, and no doubt they might have something to say to each other about boots, or cigars, or such things.

However, the three of them very soon found themselves walking together up toward the end of the empty Pier, and Tom was in an amazingly good humor, and did his best to amuse this new friend. They sat down where they were sheltered from the gusts of wind, and listened a little to the music, and talked a great deal—though Madge chiefly listened. Madge pretended to be mostly interested in the music, and in the few more people who had now been tempted to come down the Pier; but she knew that while her brother and Captain King were very busy talking, the latter was very frequently regarding her. What she did not know was that he was trying to make himself believe that that was Nan who was sitting there.

Then they went for a stroll again, and they looked at the kiosks, and they took refuge from a few passing drops of rain, and they hurried to see a heavy fishing-smack go by the end of the Pier, beating out against the southwesterly wind. And although Frank King again and again addressed her, as was demanded of him, she did not enter much into conversation with him. He was Tom's friend, she let it be understood. Nevertheless, she met his eyes once or twice, and she had a pleasant and amiable look.

She began to think that there must be something very striking and attractive about this young sailor, when even her brother Tom—who seemed to consider that the whole world should wait upon his highness—so clearly went out of his way to make himself agreeable. Not only that, but when they had had enough of the Pier, and had taken a stroll or two along the King's Road, bringing the time to nearly one o'clock, what must Mr. Tom do but insist that Frank King should come in and lunch with them?

"Well, I will," said he, "if you will dine with me at the hotel in the evening. Dining by yourself at a hotel is not exhilarating."

"But you'd far better dine with us too," said Mr. Tom, boldly.

"Oh, I can't do that," said Frank King, but with a slight increase of color, which showed that he wished he could. "Even as it is I am afraid Lady Beresford will think it rather cool if I turn up again now."

"Oh, you don't know what Brighton is at this time of year," said Mr. Tom. "All the resident people like ourselves keep open house, don't you know, and very glad to. We never know how many are coming in to lunch; but then they put up with anything, and it's great fun; it's an occupation for idle people. Then when you've got a billiard table, they can turn to that on wet days. Or Edith can give them some music; they say she's rather a swell at it. You see, everybody is in Brighton in December, with friends or in hotels; and, as I say, it's a case of open house and take your chance."

"We are more formal, and a little duller, in Wiltshire," said Frank King. "I wish you'd come to Kingscourt for a few days. We haven't shot the best of the covers yet."

Those who thought that Tom Beresford was a foolish youth knew nothing about him. Without a hum or a ha he said: "Yes, I will. When?"

"I'm going back for Christmas. Of course you'll have to stay here with your sisters. As soon after that as you can manage."

"I could come to you on the 27th or 28th."

"That's settled, then. I will write and let you know about trains and things."

As luck, good or ill, would have it, there was no other visitor at lunch, the party consisting of Lady Beresford, her two daughters, Mr. Tom, and Captain Frank King. But Mr. Tom was in high spirits over this prospective visit to Kingscourt, and was most amiable to everybody and everything; he even said that he himself would go through to Lewes, and fetch Nan home for Christmas.

Now this was odd: that whenever Nan's name was mentioned, Frank King always glanced up with a quick look, as if he were surprised. Was he beginning to believe, then, as he had tried to make himself believe, that this was the real Nan Beresford now on the other side of the table? Was he surprised to be reminded of the other Nan far away—and now no doubt greatly altered from her former self? Madge Beresford was aware that her neighbor opposite regarded her very frequently—and she pretended not to be conscious of it; but once or twice, when she looked up and her eyes met his, she thought there was an oddly wistful or even puzzled expression in those dark blue eyes that Edith was always talking about.

After luncheon Lady Beresford retired to her room, as was her wont; the two young ladies went up stairs to the drawing-room; and Captain King accompanied them, for Madge had asked him to advise her about the rigging of some boats she had been sketching. Mr. Tom remained below to practice the spot stroke.

In the drawing-room Miss Edith hoped that her playing a little would not interfere with their artistic pursuits; and Madge went and got her sketch-book and water-colors, and carried them to a small table at one of the windows, and sat down. Captain King remained standing.

The sketches, to tell the truth, were as bad as bad could be. They were all experimental things, done out of her own head, aiming at a land of the beautiful unknown to anybody on earth but the chromo-lithographer. The actual sea was out there, staring her in the face, and there were boats on the beach and boats on the water; but instead of trying her hand at anything before her, she must needs imagine lovely pictures, mostly of blue and pink, with goats perched on brown crags, and an ill-drawn eagle soaring over a snow-peak. There were, however, one or two sketches of mist, or moonlight, or thunder-storm, that had certainly a weird and eerie effect; but it was not necessary to tell the spectator that these had been got in moments of impatience, when, after laborious trials at brilliant-hued scenes, the angry artist had taken up a big brush, and washed the whole thing into chaos—thereby, to her astonishment, reaching something, she did not know exactly what, that was at all events mysterious and harmonious in tone.

But it was the shipping about which she had sought his advice. The little white dots on blue lakes that were supposed to be feluccas or barchette he passed; but when it came to a big sailing-boat lying on a beach, and that beach presumably Cornish, from the color of the rocks, he made a civil and even timid remonstrance.

"I don't think I would have the mast quite in the middle of the boat, if I were you," said he, gently.

"I thought it always was," she said; and yet if she had gone to the window she might haveseen.

"If it is a lugger, you see," he continued, giving her all sorts of chances of escape, "the mast would be at the bow. And if it is a cutter, you would have to put the mast farther forward, and give her a boom and a bowsprit. Or if it is a yawl, then you would have a little jigger-mast astern, about there."

"Oh, I can't be expected to know things like that," she said. "Scientific accuracy isn't wanted. They're only sketches."

"Yes; oh yes," he said.

"Won't that boat do?" she demanded.

"Oh yes, it will do," he said, fearful of offending her. "It isn't exactly where they put masts, you know; but then few people know about boats, or care about them."

She was not very well pleased; but she continued to show him more sketches, until Mr. Tom came up to see when they were coming to billiards.

"I shouldn't have shown you these at all," she said. "I don't take interest in them myself. I would far rather draw and paint flowers; but we never have any flowers now except those waxen-looking heaths and that flaming pointsettia over there."

"What did you call it, Madge?" said Mr. Tom.

"I called it pointsettia," she said, with dignity.

"Gamekeeper's Greek, I should say," he remarked, with his hands in his pockets. "A cross between a pointer and a setter. You shouldn't use long words, Madge. Come along down."

But this mention of flowers put a new idea into the head of Captain Frank King. That very morning he had passed a window where he had seen all sorts of beautiful blossoms, many of them lying in cotton-wool—pink and white camellias, white hyacinths, scarlet geraniums, lilies-of-the-valley, and what not. Now might he not be permitted to send Miss Margaret a selection of these rare blossoms, not as a formal bouquet at all, but merely for the purposes of painting? They would simply be materials for an artist; and they would look well in a pretty basket on a soft cushion of wool.

CHAPTER XV.

A MESSAGE.

Frank King could never exactly define what peculiarity of mind or person or manner it was that had so singularly attracted him in Nan Beresford, though he had spent many a meditative hour on board ship in thinking about her. In any case, that boyish fancy was one that a few years' absence might very well have been expected to cure. But the very opposite had happened. Perhaps it was the mere hopelessness of the thing that made him brood the more over it, until it took possession of his life altogether. He kept resolutely abroad, so that he had but few chances of falling in love with somebody else, which is the usual remedy in such cases. When at length he was summoned home, about the first news that reached him was of Nan's contemplated marriage. He was not surprised. And when he consented to go down to Brighton with her brother, it was that he might have just one more glimpse of one whom he always had known was lost to him. He had nothing to reproach her or himself with. It was all a misfortune, and nothing more. But his life had been changed for him by that mere boyish fancy.

Then came that wonderful new hope. Nan was away; Nan was impossible; but here was the very counterpart of Nan, and why should he not transfer all that lingering love and admiration from the one sister to the other who so closely resembled her? It was the prompting of despair as much as anything else. He argued with himself. He tried to make himself believe that this was really Nan—only grown a year or so older than the Nan whom he had last seen at Como. Of course there must be differences; people changed with the changing years. Sometimes he turned away, so that he might only hear her, and her voice was like Nan's.

Now if Frank King was busy persuading himself that this transference of affection was not only natural and possible, but indeed the easiest and simplest thing in the world, it must be admitted that he obtained every help and encouragement from Madge Beresford herself. She was more than kind to him; she was attentive; she professed great respect for his opinions; and she did her best to conceal—or rather, let us say, subdue—her bad temper. And they were very much together during these two or three days. Frank King, being on such intimate terms of friendship with Mr. Tom, had almost become an inmate of the house. His being carried off to lunch, when they met him in the morning, was a matter of course. Then he watched Madge paint, and listened to Edith's music, or they all went down stairs and played billiards, and by that time it was the hour for the afternoon promenade. It was no matter to them that December afternoons are short, and sometimes cold; one's health must be preserved despite the weather; and then, again, Brighton looked very picturesque in the gathering dusk, with the long rows of her golden lamps. To observe this properly, however, you ought to go out on the Pier, and although at that hour, at that time of the year, there is not a human being to be found there, that need not interfere with your appreciation of the golden-lit spectacle.

Moreover, Mr. Tom was a tyrant. When he had settled that Captain King might as well remain to dinner, instead of going away to dine by himself at his hotel, it was no use for Captain King to resist. And then Tom's invitation, for mere courtesy's sake, had to be repeated by Lady Beresford, and prettily seconded by the two girls. No such favors, be it observed, were showered on the efflorescent Roberts or on young Thynne: Mr. Tom had taken the sailor suitor under his protection; there was to be a distinction drawn.

One night, just after Frank King had left, Tom and his sister were by themselves in the billiard-room.

"I want to speak to you, Madge," said he, in a tone that meant something serious.

"Very well, then."

"Now none of your airs and pretense," he said. "You needn't try to gammon me."

"If you would talk English, one might understand you," she said, spitefully.

"You understand me well enough. When you were on the Pier this morning, your eyes were just as wide open as anybody's. And again this afternoon, when you were up on the Marine Parade."

Madge flushed a little, but said nothing.

"You know as well as anybody that that fellow Hanbury is hanging about," said Tom, regarding her with suspicion. "He is always loitering round, dodging after you. And I won't have it. I'll write to the Chief Clerk if he doesn't mind."

"I don't suppose the Chief Chief and the Vice-Chancellor and the whole lot of them," said Madge, pretending to be much interested in the tip of her cue, "can expel a person from Brighton who is doing no harm."

"Doing no harm? If you didn't encourage him, do you think he'd hang about like that? If he knew distinctly you wanted him to be off, do you think he'd spend his time slinking about the streets? I believe he has been writing to you again."

This was quite a random shot; but it told.

"He sent me one letter—not in his own handwriting," Madge confessed, diffidently.

"Show it me!"

"I can't. I burned it. I was afraid. Tom, you wouldn't get the poor fellow into trouble!"

"I've no patience with you," he said, angrily. "Why can't you be fair and above-board? Why don't you send the fellow about his business at once—"

"Well, I have."

"Why don't you settle the thing straight? You know Frank King wants to marry you; anybody can see that. Why don't you have him, and be done with it?"

Madge turned away a little, and said, with a very pretty smile,

"And so I would, if he would ask me."

Well, Mr. Tom thought he knew something of the ways of womankind, from having been brought up among so many; but this fairly took his breath away. He stared at her. He laid down his cue.

"Well, I'm smashed," he said at length. And then he added, slowly: "I'm glad I've got nothing to do with you women. I believe you'd roast any fellow alive, and then cut him into bits, for fourpence-halfpenny. It isn't more than three months since you were crying your eyes out about that fellow Hanbury—"

"You were as anxious as any one he should be sent away," retorted Madge. "It appears I can't please every one. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be as well to continue the game, for I only want three to be out."

Tom gave up. He continued the game, and played so savagely and so well that poor Madge never got her three. And he did not recur to that subject except to say, the last thing at night, as the girls were leaving,

"Look here, Madge, that fellow Hanbury had better take care."

"I suppose he can look after himself," said Madge. "I have nothing to do with him. Only you can't expect me not to be sorry for him. And how am I to send him away when I dare not speak to him? And do you think the streets of Brighton belong to me?"

Tom again gave up, but was more convinced than ever that women were strange creatures, who could not be straightforward even when they tried. From that and similar generalizations, however, he invariably excepted Nan. Nan did not belong to womankind as considered as a section of the human race. Nan was Nan.

The next afternoon Captain King called to say good-by. He found the girls very busy over Christmas cards. Madge was painting little studies of flowers for exceptionally favored people, and she invited him to look over these.

"They are very pretty," he said. "I hope the people who are fortunate enough to get them will value them. I mean they are not like ordinary Christmas cards."

"Oh, if you like them," said Madge, modestly, "you might take one for yourself."

"May I?" he said, regarding her; "and may I choose the one?"

"Oh yes, certainly," she answered.

"I know the one I should like to take," he said, still regarding her. "This one."

It was a little bit of forget-me-not, very nicely painted—from memory. He showed it to her.

"May I take this one with me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, in a very low voice, and with her eyes cast down.

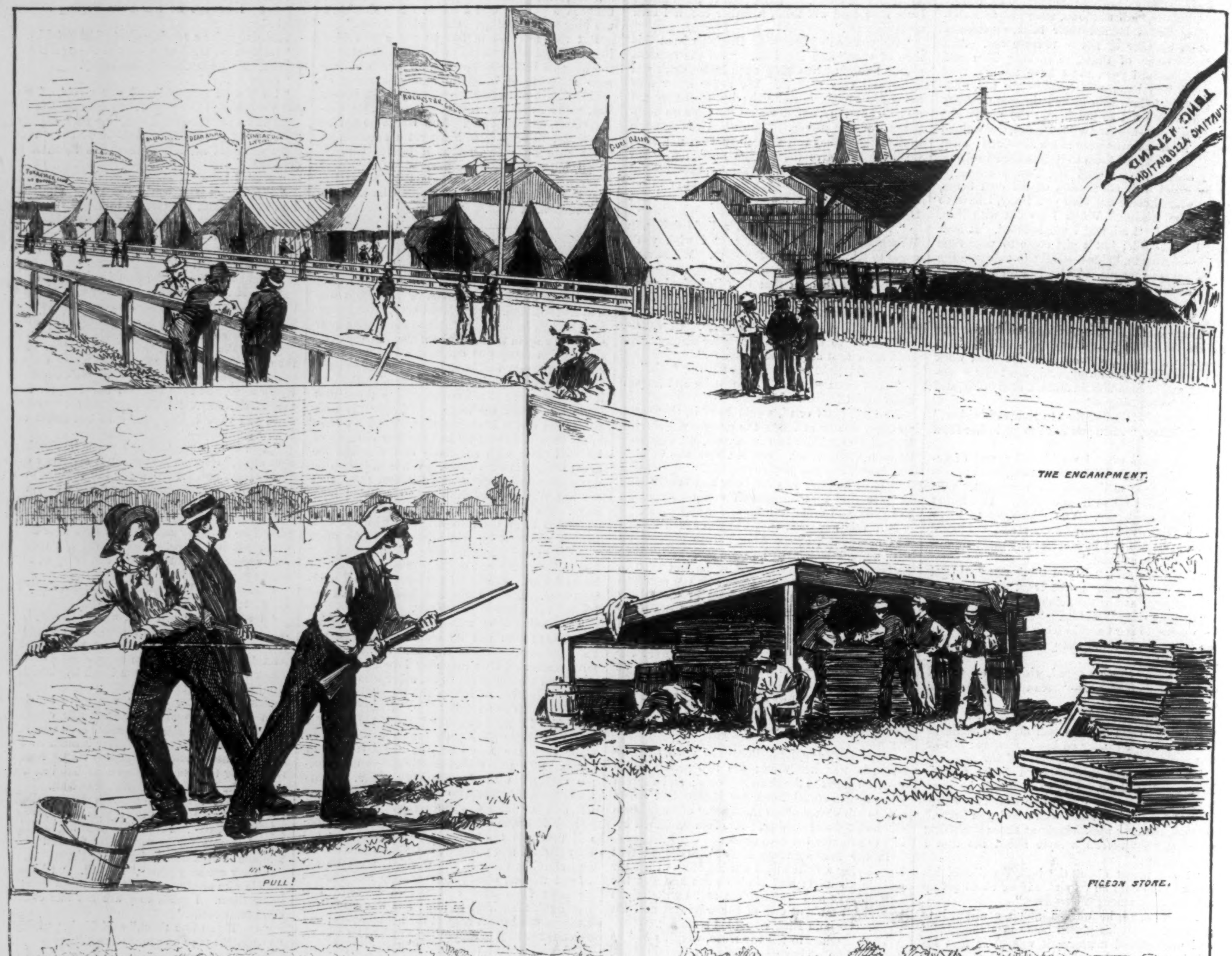
After that there was a brief silence, only broken by the sound of Miss Edith's pen, that young lady being at the other side of the table addressing envelopes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

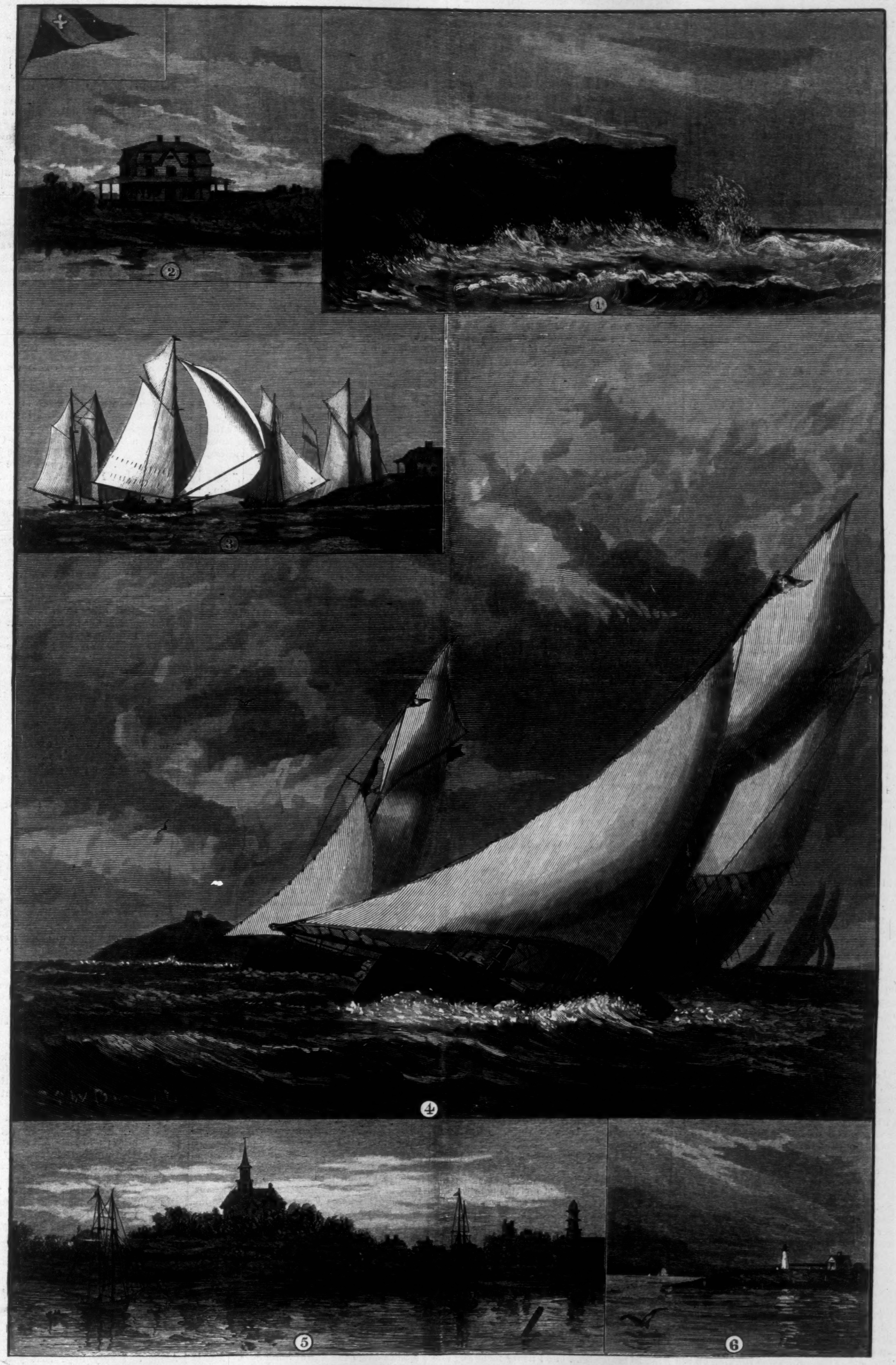
PIGEON-SHOOTING.

The Twenty-third Annual Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game began at Coney Island on the 20th of June, and continued nine days. It was the most important Convention, in respect to attendance, the number and quality of the prizes, and variety of contests, held by the society since its organization. The value of the prizes was a little more than $12,000. The pigeon tournament, of which we give sketches on page 444, was held in the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds. It was largely attended; but the details of the several contests have been so fully reported by the daily press that they need not be recited here.

Those whose knowledge of this association is limited to the reports of its annual conventions are likely to form an erroneous impression of its character and purposes. It has an important function, and one which it has exercised greatly to the benefit of the community—the enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game in this State, without which our rivers, streams, fields, and forests would cease in a short time to be sources of food supply. Clubs and individual members of the association have been active in the enforcement of existing laws, as well as in the effort to secure more stringent regulations, by which fish and game of all kinds shall be protected against destruction, and the proper methods and seasons of killing be rigidly prescribed. For its earnest efforts to carry out the present laws, and to introduce needed reforms, the association is fairly entitled to the thanks and support of the community.


THE ENCAMPMENT.
PULL!
PIGEON STORE.
THE SHOOTING.
FILLING THE TRAPS.
GATHERING DEAD BIRDS
THULSTRUP.

SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION—PIGEON-SHOOTING AT THE BRIGHTON BEACH FAIR GROUNDS, CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by T De Thulstrup.—[See Page 443.]



1. Castle Rock. 2. Eastern Yacht Club House and Flag. 3. The Start. 4. Rounding Half-way Rock. 5. View of Marblehead. 6. Marblehead Light-House.

YACHTING AT MARBLEHEAD.—From Sketches by Benjamin.—[See Page 446.]

THE OLD FARM GATE.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

In gilded saloons, where the fairest of belles
Flung around me their subtlest of glamour and spells,
I broke through their magic, I mocked at their art,
Unmoved in my fancy, untouched in my heart;
But yielded a captive, well pleased at my fate,
When Dora I met at the old farm gate—
When Dora I met,
When Dora I met,
When Dora I met at the old farm gate.

I passed, rod in hand, on my way to the brook,
And planned as I went little fishes to hook.
She stood there in silence, half smiling, half shy,
And moved from the pathway to let me go by.
Ah! who would not bite when such charms were the bait?
So Dora caught me at the old farm gate—
So Dora caught me,
So Dora caught me,
So Dora caught me at the old farm gate.

We had met and had parted full often before,
But we met on that morn to be parted no more;
The light in her eye and the flush on her cheek
Emboldened my tongue of my loving to speak.
What cared I for trout? They might lie there and wait,
Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate—
Now Dora said "yes,"
Now Dora said "yes,"
Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(*Continued.*)

EGYPTIAN NIGHT.

The age of our country was already falling into that querulous dotage of finicking, now so universal in the toothless time; but still a young Englishman was ashamed to put himself under an umbrella, though now their only shame is to have one too large to be taken for more than their essential parasol. Jack never knew—for love was still existing—whether it rained, or blew, or thundered, or whether an earthquake was running in the neighborhood. The only occupation of his mind was to consider the doings of Rose, and the sayings of Rose, the lookings of Rose, and the thinkings of the same, whenever they were not past finding out. And he never said to himself, "I may be a fool"; the wisdom or the folly of himself was never mooted. His heart was gone entirely beyond the mind's discussion, and the two agreed to let it be, so long as they were happy.

"Why, Jack, my boy, you look as if you had just come across an angel," Mr. Short exclaimed, in his unromantic style, as Westcombe rushed in among a score of people fighting for a dry place until they got their carriages. "Come along a little way, and I will introduce you to Canon Botrys, and our good archdeacon. Young men should never miss an opportunity. I know a man who got a living because his handkerchief was dry. You ought to be in orders, and you shall be yet, because it is too late for anything else. They are under a wall, and they have got nice daughters. You will go away without having seen a single soul."

"I have seen everybody in the place worth seeing, and I don't know how to see souls," Jack answered, with a rudeness unusual to him; but the levity of Bachelor Short was distasteful to his feelings. "All I want to know is, where is our trap, and where is the governor?"

"Let me put you up to a little thing, Jack," the vicar replied, with a turn of kind thought, which the young man had scarcely earned of him. "If you want to keep a seat in your good father's carriage for any one very nicely dressed, and likely to shed tears at the drops of tar-water, let the other flies and rumbelows come down first. The ladies will rush into the first that come, without two thoughts of ownership. And the Colonel is so polite that he would let them pack your carriage up to the glasses, and order him all about with it. You would never get home to-night to begin with, and you could not squeeze even Spotty Perperaps in, not to speak of any other well-dressed young lady. You twig me? Ha! see the first proof of it." A lumbering fly came down, and was crammed, four on each seat, before the horse could stick his heels in.

"Thank you!" cried Jack; "what a clear head you have got! Mr. Short, I beg your pardon. You have obliged me greatly. But keep Miss Perperaps for our carriage."

In another instant he was running up the hill, just in time to stop his father's carriage from coming down it, though the Colonel, defiant of all rain, was on the box. "Draw aside a bit; I want to speak to you," cried Jack; and his father obeyed him, for he saw that it was earnest. "Take the reins, and manage it yourself," replied the Colonel, as soon as he had heard what his son's idea was. "I dare say you are right; and it would please me more to save a poor young lady than a dozen of these grand madams who have fifty fine dresses at home." "She never thinks twice about her dress," said Jack; "she would look just as well in a potato sack. It is only because her father was so kind about it. Miss Perperaps told me the story; and I hope to have her with us also, for she is not very rich. Father, jump inside; you are very wet already."

By this good management it was brought about that the Colonel and Miss Perperaps had the carriage to themselves, and Mr. Short stood by the horses, while Jack, with a great pile of wrappings, went to look for his beloved. She had obeyed his injunctions to stay there, and added such a pretty blush of pleasure to her look of gratitude for his thoughtfulness that he scarcely knew how to protect her enough.

"Please to remember one thing," he said, as her dimpled chin protruded from his mother's carriage fur, and he took the liberty of asking for a pin: "unless you keep quite close to my arm through the wood, everything will blow away, and my father will abuse me. He always says that I am so clumsy whenever ladies are concerned."

"Then I doubt whether he can understand the subject; or, at any rate, not so well as you do. You have done everything to perfection; and I shall never be able to thank you enough."

In a quarter of an hour Jack was driving up the winding hill toward Drewsteignton—a very long roundabout road, but the only one fit for a carriage toward the moor—while Mr. Short fetched his own horse, and faced the storm up the steepy track that climbs to Cranbrook Castle. "I shall be at Christowell long before you are," he had called in at the window, as he saw Rose sitting, in a happy condition, at the Colonel's side, and Spotty set up opposite, in a grin of lively comfort. "Young ladies, shall I tell your dear parents all about you?"

"You had better not," cried Miss Perperaps, audaciously. "We are all right now, and we want them to get anxious. My pa would be very anxious, if he dared."

"I shall tell your dear step-mamma that you have been drowned; it will be such a shock to her—when you come home alive."

Spotty was delighted with this tantalizing prospect; and she had such a real style of laughing, when she did laugh—which was not very often, for a frequent is a feeble laugh—that the parson, in spite of all the weather, caught it up, and said to himself, as he rode away briskly, "I know a good many young fellows who might do worse than marry Spotty Perperaps. In the dark she looks almost as well as Miss Arthur; and we mortals spend most of our time in the dark. I must get up this hill, though, before it grows darker, or down I go through the tree-tops."

For the gloom of night was closing in, so that the valley seemed to deepen and grow narrower, with the folds of the storm-cloud sweeping through the hollows, the clevices of crag thrown forth by the bowing of trees to the wind, and the patches of gorse-land darkened by the soaking rain. Jack Westcombe was fain to urge his horses up the hill, that he might get past the dangerous places before the last of the daylight waned.

"What a shame to let him get so wet!" said Spotty, who very soon dropped formality. "You must have brought a coachman, Colonel Westcombe, or a footman, or somebody?"

"Only one man to look after the horses; and I lent him to some ladies whose driver had enjoyed the refreshments of the day too heartily. I fear there will be many accidents to-night. Six casks of XX from Dunsford brewery was an error of judgment upon Master Dicky's part. However, have no fear about my son. He gets wet upon the moor continually."

"What an extraordinary thing," replied Spotty, who liked to give the world all the benefit of her shrewdness, "that your son should know the road on this side of the moor so well! I thought that you lived all away by Okehampton. There is no carriage-road in that direction from our village."

"Well, now you speak of it, I am surprised a little. Jack is always riding or walking about, here, there, and everywhere, without much object. His dear mother calls him a will-o'-the-wisp. But that would not teach him these roads, as you say, but rather the places where there are no roads. However, he seems to know his way right well. He has a most wonderful memory, that young man. It would be wrong for me to praise him, but I never meet any one who does not admire his abilities, and what is far more, his discretion and steadiness, high principles, and truly noble feelings."

"He seems to know how to drive, at any rate. Don't you think so, Rosie dear?"

"I know so little of carriages that I can not pretend to be a judge," answered Rose. "The only carriage I understand is Mr. Pugsley's tilt-cart; but I have a very slight acquaintance also with Mr. Short's yellow four-wheeled gig."

Colonel Westcombe laughed, and took her hand in his. "I like you very much," he said, "because you are so truthful. Your father must allow you to come and spend some time with us. I have heard that you have no mother; only a good father, to whom you are greatly attached, and who lives a very quiet life, just as we do."

Then suddenly Rose (who had never found time in the hurry and flurry to think about it) discovered that this most kind and lovable gentleman, looking so gently at her, was Mr. Short's friend, whom he had wished to bring over to see them two or three months ago. She ought to have known it long ago; but her mind had been occupied so entirely with the many new impressions of this strange day that the one perception of most importance to her own little world had escaped her. Now if, through her selfish stupidity, her father's indulgence and confidence should recoil upon him, in the very result which he feared the most, better had she never beheld this day. Better, at any rate, would it be to walk the many miles of rain and darkness, than to bring to her father's door the man whom least of all he wanted there. She longed to jump out of the carriage at once; but a second thought showed her the folly of arousing curiosity by an outrageous act. So she leaned back in the darkness, with a miserable mind.

"You do not answer me, my dear," said Colonel Westcombe, in his quiet winning tone, as if he sought a favor. "Perhaps you are thinking that I should have asked your father's kind consent before I spoke. If so, I believe that you are quite right. I spoke on the spur of the moment, from a wish not only to please myself, but to add to the happiness of my dear wife. Her health is not at all what we could wish. She is quite unable to meet rough people, or even our general visitors. But she loves a gentle face like yours, and a soft voice, and sweet quiet ways. And I am sure you will not think me rude in saying that no young lady would be the loser by the friendship of one so good, and kind, and motherly, and wonderfully well informed."

"Oh, I know what it would be; I have very often felt it. It is the very thing that I should like most dearly," Rose answered, with a little sigh, which vexed her, when she thought of it. "But there are always troubles—or at least I should say obstacles—I can not express myself very well, I know—but I thank you with all my heart; and you will understand me."

"It is the way her pa shuts her up," Miss Perperaps explained, reaching forward to the Colonel, as if he were deaf, as well as stupid; "the very same thing that my step-ma does to me. Only I do want dragooning, I admit, because I am awfully fond of pleasure. But she—you might put her in a bucket, and wind her up and down a well all day, and she would smile every time she came out at the top."

"You are a remarkable young lady too," said the Colonel, looking with new interest at as much as he could make out of this quick movement, which came to his shirt frills and then jerked back; "you seem to lose no time in making up your mind, and if possible less in declaring it."

"That's my card. I am sat upon a good bit; because my pa must go and have another sort of wife when I was doing bloomingly. But I am beginning to come round, and now they find me hot to sit upon."

Of all the things Colonel Westcombe loathed, slang from a young girl's lips was foremost. The girls of the present day fancy it a new thing, and a rise upon their elders, to patter this vile English. If they knew that their grandmothers were beaten out of all that stale stuff in their infancy, perhaps they would eschew the nauseous trick.

"Are you an intimate friend of Miss Arthur?" Colonel Westcombe asked, without showing surprise; "and did her father intrust her to your charge?"

"I am not half so thick with her as I should like to be. I scraped acquaintance first professionally; and I haven't got much further now, though I like her. And as for her coming under my wing, Colonel, there is not a year between us, I believe; and we both came under the Reverend Short; but he was spoons all day on Julia."

The elderly man was made quite happy by this explanation, for he knew the deep obstinacy of his son, and how love even screws down the lids of blind eyes. And it would have made a sad want of echo in his heart if his only boy had loved a girl capable of being "very thick" with Spotty Perperaps. Then his generous nature told him that he had wronged Miss Arthur by the questions he had put, and he scarcely saw how to let her know it, except by endeavoring to find her hand again.

Her hand was trembling when he found it; for a tallow candle, stuck in a blacking jar, and twinkling through lozenges of green glass, revealed the toll-gate on the Exeter road, within a mile of Christowell; and the poor girl could think of no device for keeping this carriage from her father's gate. Very soon a splashing and a grinding sound announced the crossing of the Christow ford, below the village; and then Spotty called out: "There's my pa's house. Highly genteel, with a red bull's-eye. Hold hard, mister; and thank you very much."

Miss Perperaps, after shaking hands with the Colonel, bounced out, and rang the paternal bell, while Rose made a quick attempt to follow, but without a rude push could not get by. "No, no, my dear; we will take you to your own door, or as near to it as we can get," Colonel Westcombe said, decisively. "This is not a night for walking one step more than can be helped. Drive on, my boy, as far as Mr. Arthur's. Don't tell me about the road," he continued, as Rose began imploring him not to risk his carriage. "If Pugsley can go there, so can we. Gee up, coachey!" Jack (though he had his own misgivings as to what might come of it) aroused his nags with a cheerful flick, which made them sidle into one another, as men do when the whip is in the air, both for the sake of sweet sympathy, and that the other may get the first turn of it.

"What a dark night!" said the Colonel, as they came to the bottom of the hill below Lark's Cot. "Perhaps we have met the moorland air. I never understand about such things, though I ought to do so thoroughly. It seems to me to come in through the glass a great deal more than the rain did. But perhaps I ought to lay the blame on my old eyes. Jack must have cat's eyes to keep out of the ditch."

"I am sure he has very nice eyes, Colonel Westcombe; not at all like cat's eyes. And we ought to be very thankful to him for the care he has taken of us all to-night."

"You seem to like Jack very much," said the Colonel, though he felt that it was not at all the thing to say.

"I never saw any one I liked more, as a stranger, of course, and a gentleman, unless it was yourself, Colonel Westcombe."

That gentleman thanked her, and said no more. Only to himself he thought: "Jack has still got his work to do, if he means to have this lovely girl. She respects him, but she does not love him yet. No girl worth having tumbles into deep affection, even for such a fine fellow as my son. He must have opportunities; and he shall have them, if her father is worthy to be her father; and I ought to find out that at once."

To his great chagrin, and the pure delight of Rose, who was thinking mainly of her father still, the densest depth of night that ever drove down from Dartmoor came around them. The rain stopped suddenly, and the wind was hushed, except in the tops of invisible trees; and a streak of black boggy fog settled heavily. The carriage lamps (which had long been flickering, but managed to survive while they got air) now gave up the ghost in the murky reek.

"I can't see where to stop," Jack called in, through the front glass of the carriage. "I'm afraid that we must have passed the gate. Please to ask Miss Arthur."

"Please to stop here, if you have got my daughter," a clear voice, from some one unseen, replied; and the panting horses, with their superior sense, came to a stand-still suddenly.

"You shall not get out, Colonel Westcombe; I beg of you, for my sake, not to get out," cried Rose, that her father might know who was come. "Oh, father dear, how you must have been frightened! I will never go away again."

Jack Westcombe heard kissing, which went to his heart, as Rose sprang into her father's arms; and then Mr. Arthur, forgetful of everything except the duty of a gentleman, came forward to the carriage door, and said:

"Colonel Westcombe, I thank you with all my heart for your great kindness to my child. Will you come into my cottage and have some refreshment? You have many miles, I fear, to travel yet."

"Sir, I am very much obliged to you," the ancient officer answered, without even trying to descry the other's face, of which the darkness gave small chance; "but we must not stop, now we have done our duty. And a pleasure too—the very greatest pleasure—to have been of the smallest service to a young lady who has charmed me so. Good-night, sir. Good-night, my dear Miss Arthur. I only hope that you have not caught cold."

"Oh, I do like him so much!" said Rose, as the carriage rumbled down the hill; "he reminds me continually of you, papa. I do believe you must have been a great deal together."

"It can hardly be possible," thought the Colonel to himself; "and yet I seemed to know the voice so well. But if so, poor fellow, how he is to be pitied! I scarcely know what is the proper thing to do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAISIES.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of gray,
And she had left her native shore,
And journeyed miles and miles away
Across the ocean, to the land
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat,
And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
And flower fragrance filled the air,
And there their leaf-crowned heads upraised
To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road,
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
And with hands clasped sank on her knees.
"Now God be praised, who east and west
Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold, and slender leaves
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
Though on her cheek there lay a tear.
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
"Since I have found the daisies here."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

YACHTING AT MARBLEHEAD.

THERE are few places in America that have more rapidly come before the public as a summer resort than Marblehead; it may be added that we know of no sea-side resort in this country that offers such an admirable combination of advantages to the yachtsman or the pleasure-seeker as this quaint little New England sea-port.

Formerly noted for its hardy fishermen and privateers, it has seen the former pass away before the decline of the fisheries and introduction of manufactures, and the latter vanish before the march of peace. When it seemed as if the town would fall into languor, a new element came in that has given fresh life to its picturesque bluffs and weather-worn roofs. In a word, it has become a watering-place and a rendezvous for yachtsmen.

The advantages that Marblehead possesses for both of these classes are so great that one is surprised they have not been earlier made available. The harbor is a trifle over a mile long and somewhat over a third of a mile in width. It is formed by what is termed the Neck, a natural breakwater of New England granite, faced on the sea side with frowning cliffs like "Castle Rock," and in summer carpeted with wild flowers. This would be an island but for a narrow spit which connects it with the mainland. For all sanitary purposes it is practically an island, for the air reaches it from every quarter over the sea. Recently these advantages have begun to attract attention, and many charming summer residences have been erected on the Neck, facing the sea, with all its loveliness and grandeur on one side and the harbor on the other. The latter presents an aspect that one would hardly expect to find on the coast of Massachusetts. The name of the town sufficiently indicates the rugged character of the site. Not only is it hilly and broken, but it also shows a number of steep cliffs dipping into the water in the very harbor itself, curiously alternating between the dwellings, which are more densely clustered than in any other New England town of similar size. On the highest of the eminences on which Marblehead is built stands Abbot Hall, which was the gift of the late BENJAMIN ABBOT, a native of the place. It is intended both as a town-hall and a public library, and is gracefully constructed of brick and granite. Its conspicuous position, together with the graceful flow of lines which find in it an effective culmination, accentuates the appearance of the town from the water, and gives to it at sunset the suggestion of an old cathedral town of Europe.

Between the Neck and the town lies the port, whose entrance is guarded on either hand by a white light-house and by Fort Sewall, a sodded battery which did some service in our wars with England. The harbor, running southwest and northeast, is protected by a group of rocky islets, and is one of the snuggest on the coast of America. It has fair holding ground, and a good average depth of water. Its proximity to Boston also makes it advantageous to yachtsmen.

It is not singular, therefore, that the Eastern Yacht Club has decided to make this the central point for the races of the club, and the head-quarters for the general comfort of its yachts. The club has recently erected a simple but commodious and elegant house on the Neck, including the advantages of a restaurant and a number of lodging-rooms, besides other accommodations usual in a club. There is scarcely a day during the season that some crack yacht does not round the light-house, and fire its gun as it comes to anchor off the club-house, where the private bunting is always flying. This is triangular, a red stripe between two blue ones. The annual regatta of the club was sailed this year on the 15th of June. It was celebrated by superb fireworks from the assembled yachts on the previous evening, together with a ball at the club-house, and a bouncing breeze on the day of the race. On the 17th of June, the anniversary of Bunker Hill, the great annual regatta of Marblehead also occurred. The week was therefore one of the greatest interest in yachting circles.

The latter race has been sailed for eight years, and has become one of the "institutions" of Essex County. It is open to all comers, and contributions are levied from the town folk to defray the expenses of the fire-works, the music, and other attractions of this festive occasion. It is a gala-day, and from the whole neighborhood the country folk flock to see the white-winged craft dart after the prize over the blue Atlantic. For days beforehand yachts may be seen stealing into the little port, until, on the morning of the race, the harbor is dense with a forest of masts. The advantages of the port for a yachting race then become apparent. From the Neck every yacht can be distinctly seen at the start; the course of each can be easily traced down the harbor; then turning about, the spectator can watch the hurrying fleet threading its way among the islands, and flecking the ocean with gleaming sails crowded together like sea-fowl. This year the number of entries was about eighty, while many non-competing yachts accompanied the others. The day was magnificent; crowds flocked into the town; the sound of the frequent fire-cracker was heard in the winding streets; the clang of bells and the booming of cannon rang over the water; and as the crowd of yachts spread out over the blue sea in four lines, according to their class, the spectacle was remarkably beautiful, and was stimulating alike to the lover of nature and the enthusiastic bosom of the true yacht sailor. The scene of the sketch represents the yachts of the first class rounding Halfway Rock.

A GLIMPSE OF MECCA.

THE town lies in a basin among steep hills of from five hundred to seven hundred feet in height, and probably not more than one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred above the sea. The whole of this valley—about one mile and a half long by one-third of a mile across—is packed and crammed with buildings of all shapes and sizes, placed in no kind of order, climbing far up the steep side of the surrounding hills, with here and there an outlying house on the summit of some rock, looking as though crowded out, and waiting for a chance to squeeze into the confusion below; a curious gray mass, flat-topped, to a European eye roofless, half plastered—for plaster in this climate is always either being put on or well advanced in coming off, but never to be seen in its entirety.

The walls of the houses are composed of uncut stone and rubble, from three to six feet thick—in very high buildings even thicker; cut stone is used only for the sills of windows or jambs and arches of doorways, and very little brick is employed anywhere. Notwithstanding the substantial thickness of the walls, tottering ruins may be found by the side of the most thronged thoroughfares in every part of the city. Many of the houses are of great height, large and factory-like, full of little windows. Seldom two adjacent houses face the same way or are the same height. Nothing resembling a row or street could by any stretch of imagination be extricated from such a chaos of masonry. It is impossible, even from an elevated point of view, to trace a hundred yards of open space between houses in any direction (many of the passages are boarded over, which to a certain extent conceals them), except on the outskirts of the town, where two or three suburbs straggle off up the less inclined outlets from the valley, and where the ground is not so thickly built over, though with the same systematic irregularity.

The rule seems to be that no two things must be alike, an Eastern characteristic developed into a fixed law of non-uniformity in everything about Mecca, a town which, built as it is of fragments of the crumbling rock about, made to adhere with thirty per cent. of coarse lime, together with the dusky crowds creeping in swarms about its dark lanes and streets, if such mere tortuous intricacies can be called so, suggests the simile of the giant ant-hill most strikingly, and indeed it applies better than any other description. There is a great sameness about all this detailed dissimilarity, from the midst of which the Harem stands out most prominently, at once fixing the attention, and indeed it is the main feature of Mecca. It is a large and quadrangular open space, its longest direction, northeast by east and southwest by west, inclosed within four arched colonnades or arcades, one hundred and ninety yards on the longest sides by one hundred and twenty-seven yards on the shortest, close up to which, on the exterior, houses are built, except on the east side, where it is bounded by a street skirting the hall of the Harem.

AN ECCENTRIC LORD.

THE first of Lord Brougham's weaknesses was his pedigree. He firmly believed himself to be a descendant of a certain great family whose seat of Broacum is mentioned in the *Itinerary* of Antoninus. This Broacum he insisted to have been the site of the modern Brougham, so that he in a sense lived in the halls of his illustrious ancestors of the time of Antoninus. As a matter of fact, Brougham Hall was built by a Mr. Bird, and purchased from him by Mr. John Brougham, great-granduncle of the Chancellor, who had made some money by farming and cattle-dealing. This gentleman died without issue, and the property passed into the hands of the Chancellor's grandfather. The place had hitherto been known as the "Bird's Nest," but the new proprietor took great pains to suppress that vulgar appellation, substituting the more aristocratic name of Brougham Hall. Thus the Chancellor's grandfather was the first Mr. Brougham of Brougham, and instead of being the representative of the noble family of Vaux, and consequently in perpetual danger of being disqualified for practicing at the bar, or sitting in the House of Commons, by inheriting that barony, or the descendant of the gallant De Burghams who fought so valiantly for the Cross of Christ in the Holy Land, the Lord Chancellor was in reality the worthy offspring, not very many generations removed, of a respectable yeoman who owned a farm in Cumberland.

The time and place of his birth were the next points upon which his lordship desired to see contentions among men. He is said to have sanctioned the most varied and contradictory accounts of the circumstances of that memorable event. Different memoirs of his life make him born in London, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Edinburgh, some in the year 1778, some in 1779. The truth in the matter was easily found, for his birth is entered in the register of the city of Edinburgh, under date the 30th of September, 1778, he having been born on the 19th of the same month. The Chancellor's motive in making a mystery of his birthplace it is hard to conjecture. Vanity may have been at the root of it, but an equally plausible explanation is that he wished his Scottish up-bringing to be forgotten, as became the descendant of the loyal De Burghams.

His lordship's name was another tender point. *Bro-am* and *Broo-am* he could not endure; and when Lord Eldon called him Mr. *Bruffam*, his indignation knew no bounds. He sent the offending Chancellor a message couched in somewhat angry terms, stating that his name was pronounced *Broom* not *Bruffam*. This remonstrance the Chancellor took in good part, and at the conclusion of the argument observed, "Every authority upon the question has been brought before us—new *Brooms* sweep clean."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE outcry against Chinese cheap labor has been raised in Sydney, New South Wales. The trades and labor organizations have protested against further Chinese immigration. A petition has been presented to the Mayor asking him to call a public meeting to take steps to check the influx, and the Premier has telegraphed to the British authorities in China for information as to the cause of the unusual tide of immigration to Australia.

A large Newfoundland dog in Louisville, Kentucky, was recently sheared, apparently much against his will. After the operation was finished, the dog sprang to his feet, trotted off a short distance, looked at himself and at the man with the shears, and then leaped into the air and fell dead. By-standers attributed the dog's death to grief for the loss of his handsome coat.

The London correspondent of the Melbourne *Argus* was puzzled by seeing among the arrivals in that city that of "the Rev. Henry Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary chief of the Ojilbeway [Ojibway?] Indians." The puzzled scribe goes on as follows: "He may be a clergyman, or he may be a red Indian, but he surely can't be both. I have never so much as heard of a red clergyman. If he was a bishop, nothing would induce me to permit this divine to confirm me; the laying on of hands might be a temptation too great for him. It would be very wrong of him to give way to it, of course; but imagine what a sensation he would make at home by exhibiting in his wigwam the scalps of a whole confirmation class!"

A railway telegraph operator at a station in Ohio, whose hours of duty are in the night, has devised an arrangement whereby a passing train is sure to awaken him. The breaking of a string, stretched across the track, by the locomotive, upsets on the floor of his room a coal bucket filled with coupling-links and other pieces of metal; he gets up and notifies the other officers that the train has passed "O. K.," again sets his trap, and is soon sound asleep.

The first currency ever issued by the United States government bearing the signature of a colored man was received a few days ago at the office of the Comptroller of the Currency from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The signature was that of B. K. Bruce, in the place where the name of the Register of the Treasury is written.

A Western newspaper announces that two desperadoes who were firing pistol-shots at persons passing on the street "were ordered to be quiet by Policeman Jones."

There is said to be living in Baden an old man who claims the unique title of "boot-stretcher to the royal family." For many years his sole duty was to wear the new boots of the father of the present Grand Duke until his master could put them on with comfort. The old man now enjoys a pension.

Two colored men were sold by auction a few weeks ago in Lexington, Kentucky. They had been sentenced to servitude for one year each, under the vagrancy laws, which have been in force since the organization of the State government, and which were a part of the "slave code." The men's names are Henry Tucker and Henry Dudley. One of them brought $34; the other, $112 50.

One of the rules laid down for beginners in the study of how to be æsthetic is that "you must sit around and be excessive."

They tell of a boarding-house keeper in South America whose house was inverted one night by an earthquake, and who began the next morning to charge the attic lodgers parlor-floor prices.

There is an old gateman in the railway station in Media, Pennsylvania, who, instead of the usual "Show yer tickets!" accosts the traveller with, "Whar to, stranger?" Persons going to Boston used to be startled at Springfield by a brakeman's cry: "Springfield! Swap cars for the Connecticut River road!"

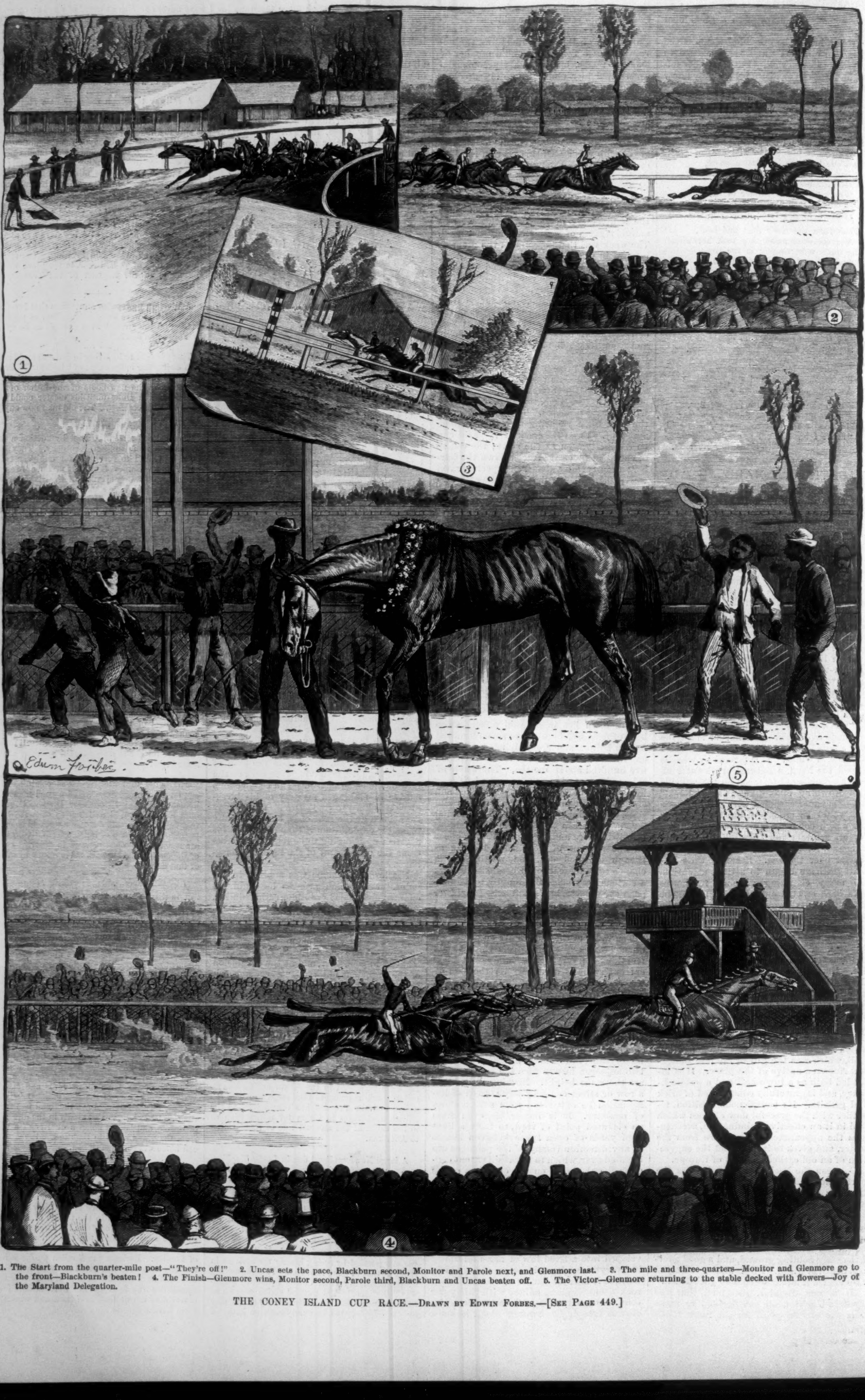
A young woman who has recently taken editorial control of the Ellis (Kansas) *Headlight* announces that she is "a girl, with a girl's love for fun, frolic, and romance." Perhaps, then, it would be better for her to transpose the syllables of the name of her paper.

The belief that the world was coming to an end on the 19th of June found a good many adherents. A man living near Ottawa, Canada, built a small ark, in anticipation of a flood on that day, and his wife devoted a week to cooking provisions for a trip of indefinite length. There are reports of several persons in different parts of the country having been made insane by dread of that day.

A young woman alighted from a rapid-transit car in San Francisco, and while crossing the track her foot was caught in a crack by the side of the rail. The driver of the next motor saw her and stopped. All efforts to release the entrapped foot failed, and, other cars arriving, a long train was soon standing on the obstructed track. A crowd gathered, and almost every individual in it offered suggestions, none of which proved to be of any value, till an Englishman came along, and asked in his Derbyshire dialect, "Ha' ye tried onfastenin' the young leddy's shoe?" The shoe was unbuttoned, and the foot was easily released.

The array of conveyances on the roads on Derby-day has furnished material for many writers about that famous sporting event; but this year three persons went to see the Derby in a style that had never been equalled. They were two members of the Grenadier Guards and Mr. T. Wright, the winner of the international balloon contest. They ascended five thousand feet from the Crystal Palace, floated slowly in the direction of Epsom, and landed about a quarter of a mile from the grand stand in time to see the American horse win the blue ribbon.

The arrival of two or three pairs of genuine mosquitoes in London has occasioned considerable comment by the press of that city. Among the theories by which persons have endeavored to account for their presence is that they were carried across the ocean in the trunks of American tourists. It is inferred, from the attention which they are accorded, that the mosquitoes have already made an impression among the residents of London. Perhaps the English public will ultimately become as interested as are their unscientific cousins of America in the question as to what constitutes the food of the nine hundred and ninety-nine mosquitoes in a thousand who never taste human blood.



1. The Start from the quarter-mile post—"They're off!" 2. Uncas sets the pace, Blackburn second, Monitor and Parole next, and Glenmore last. 3. The mile and three-quarters—Monitor and Glenmore go to the front—Blackburn's beaten! 4. The Finish—Glenmore wins, Monitor second, Parole third, Blackburn and Uncas beaten off. 5. The Victor—Glenmore returning to the stable decked with flowers—Joy of the Maryland Delegation.

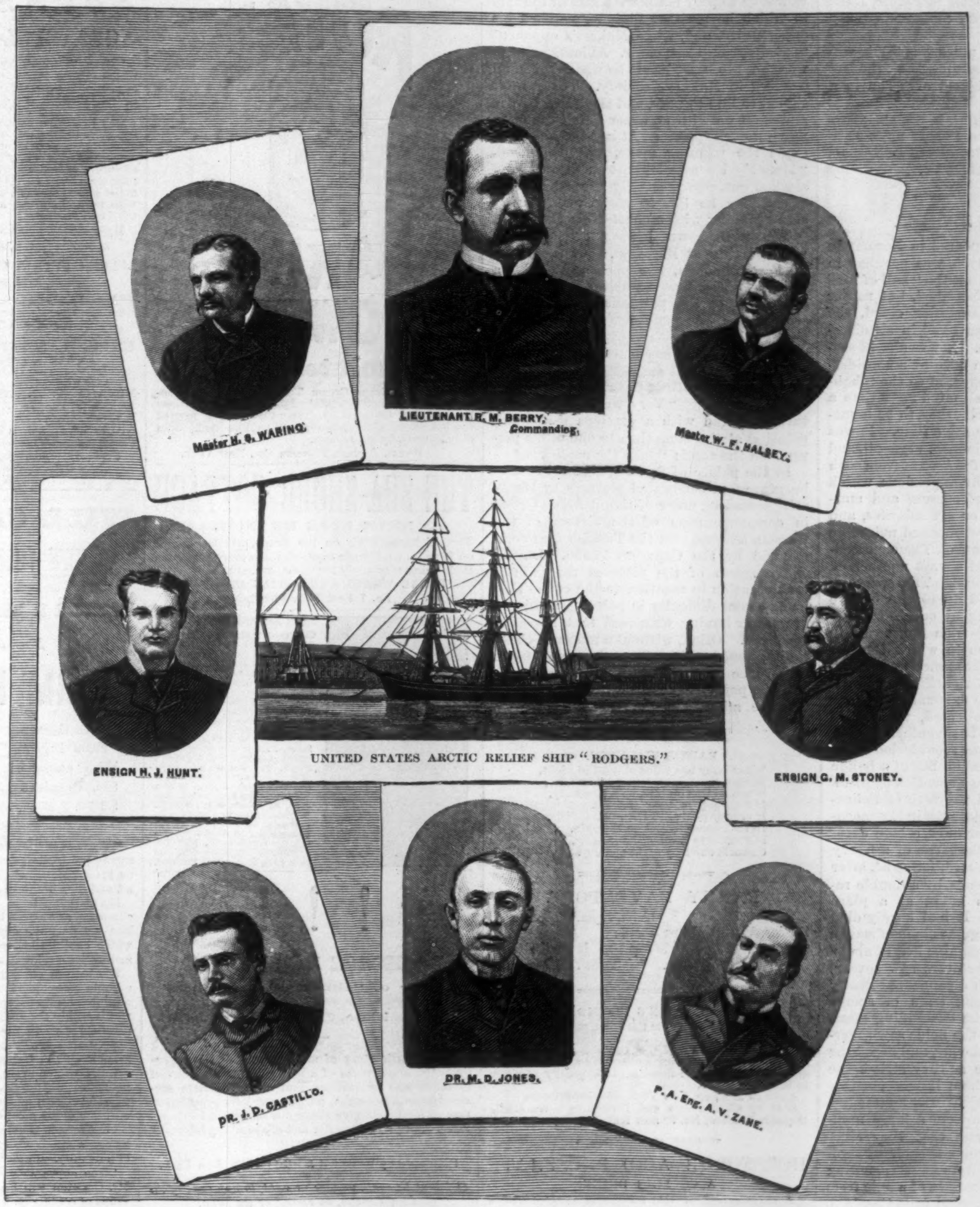
THE CONEY ISLAND CUP RACE.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 449.]

THE ARCTIC SEARCH.

It is nearly two years since the brave Captain **De Long** and his comrades sailed in the *Jeannette* from the Pacific coast on a voyage of exploration toward the north pole. Two months later the vessel was sighted fifty miles south of Herald Island, steering due north, with the evident intention of reaching the island, or a point near it on Wrangell Land. From that day to this no tidings have reached us concerning her, but there is no good reason to fear that any disaster has overtaken her.

Nevertheless, it was thought well to send out a search and relief expedition, and the United States government has accordingly dispatched two steamers in search of the missing ship. On the 16th of June the *Rodgers*, recently purchased and refitted for the purpose, Lieutenant **Berry** commanding, sailed from San Francisco, and on the same day the *Alliance*, Commander **Wadleigh**, left the Norfolk Navy-yard on the same mission. The former will go, as the *Jeannette* did, by way of Behring Strait; will visit, if possible, the comparatively unknown world of Wrangell Land, and will exhaust the courage and ingenuity of accomplished and capable officers in the hunt for cairns or other traces of the possible visit and adventures there of Captain **De Long** and his comrades. Her further movements will be determined by the results of that hunt.

On the Atlantic, the *Alliance* will proceed to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, and will explore so much of the seas between that country and Greenland to the westward, and Franz-Josef Land to the eastward, as the ice or other obstacles will permit. Her voyage is based upon the theory that while the *Rodgers* may be vainly pursuing, in Behring Sea and the waters to which it immediately opens, a vessel which passed, more or less fortunately, through those seas many months since, that same vessel, having been carried by the eastward drifts, may be coming out on the Greenland coast, or at Spitzbergen, or Franz-Josef Land, and may be sadly in need of assistance, which the *Alliance* will be prepared to render.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THE STEAM-SHIP "RODGERS" AND OFFICERS—NORTH PACIFIC EXPEDITION.—Photographed by Taber.

LUKE BLACKBURN'S DEFEAT.

The painful uncertainty of laying one's money on the favorite of the race-course was again made apparent Saturday, June 18, the third day of the June meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club, at Sheepshead Bay, when Glenmore defeated Luke Blackburn.

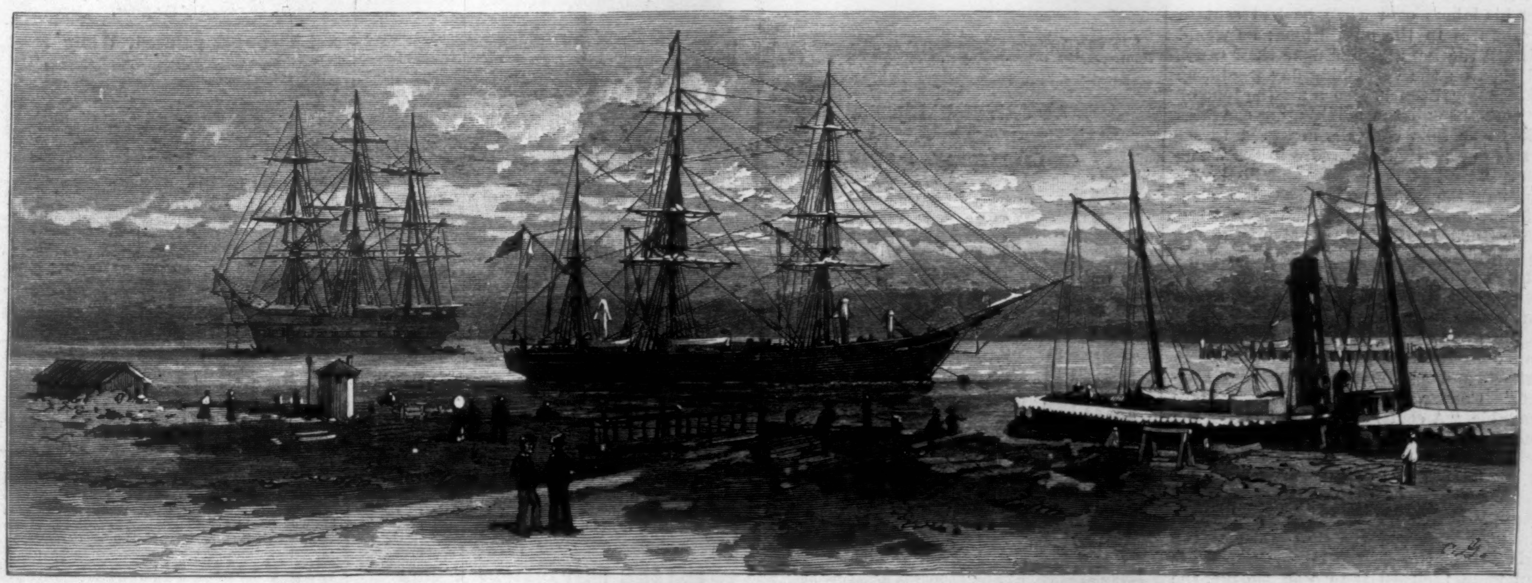
Fully twenty thousand people were on the grounds, all with interest centred on the grand race of the day for the Coney Island Cup, for which Mr. **Pierre Lorillard's** Parole and Uncas, Mr. G. L. **Lorillard's** Monitor, **Dwyer Brothers'** Luke Blackburn, and Mr. W. **Jennings's** Glenmore were entered.

Luke Blackburn's owners hardly entertained the belief that he stood any chance of being beaten; but owing to the fact that he had a quarter crack on the nigh fore-foot, and was stiff and sore in the shoulders, they anticipated that he would run six or seven seconds slower than his usual gait.

The advice of Blackburn's trainer was that he be scratched for the race; but the Messrs. **Dwyer** believed that he would so warm up to his work when once on the course, with his opponents around him, that his lameness would be forgotten in the excitement. That he did as they anticipated was true; but the heavy work at the start of the two and a quarter miles' race proved too much for him.

The book-makers laid one to three against Luke Blackburn, six to one against Parole and Monitor, seven to one against Glenmore, and ten to one against Uncas.

The start was made at the first attempt, Uncas leading a killing pace at the first quarter, evidently for the purpose of cutting out heavy work, in order that Parole might take advantage of it at the finish. Luke Blackburn, despite his rider's attempt to hold him in check, was second by a neck, with Monitor four lengths behind; Parole was two lengths in the rear of him, and Glenmore a close fifth. The first mile was run in 1.43¾, the horses passing the stand led by Luke Blackburn, who was followed by Monitor, Uncas, Glenmore, and Parole respectively. On the back stretch of the second mile Blackburn began to show the effects of the starting gait, and at the three-furlong pole Monitor passed him, closely followed by Glenmore. At the three-quarter pole Glenmore took the lead, with Parole a good second, Monitor a head behind Parole, Luke Blackburn fourth, and Uncas fifth. The run up the homestretch was an exciting one, as may well be supposed, and when Glenmore passed the line two lengths ahead of Monitor,



THE STEAM-SHIP "ALLIANCE"—NORTH ATLANTIC EXPEDITION.—From a Photograph.

THE SEARCH FOR THE "JEANNETTE."

and two and a half ahead of Parole, Luke Blackburn was a deposed monarch, twenty lengths in the rear.

The time of the two miles was 3.30½, and of the two and a quarter miles, 3.58½, the last two miles being the fastest ever run in a cup contest.

Glenmore is a chestnut horse, six years old, by Glen Athol, from Lotta; he is owned by Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS, of Baltimore, and was ridden by HOLLOWAY.

METEORIC STONES.

A METEOR which appeared in Normandy on the 26th of April, 1803, was peculiar in many respects. It had not the "ball of fire" aspect so frequently described, but rather resembled a small rectangular cloud, the vapor of which was scattered in all directions at each explosion. It was almost stationary, and must have been at a considerable elevation, as it appeared to the inhabitants of two villages, situated more than a league distant from each other, to be immediately overhead at the same time. It was seen at Caen, Falaise, Alençon, Verneuil, and Pont-Audemer—places far distant from each other. The sound of the explosions, which resembled the firing of cannon and musketry, lasted for five or six minutes, and was followed by a long-continued noise like the beating of many drums. Then succeeded a hissing sound, and a vast number of stones fell to the ground. The space on which they fell formed an ellipse of two leagues and a half long by one broad, the larger diameter being from southeast to northwest, the direction in which the meteor moved. The largest stones were found at the southeast end of the ellipse, and the smallest at the opposite extremity. Above two thousand were collected, varying in weight from two drams to seventeen pounds and a half. The sky was almost cloudless.

Flammarion describes the fall of a bolide which took place in the arrondissement of Casale, in Piedmont, on the 29th of February, 1868. About half past ten in the morning, the sky being rather dark, a loud detonation, similar to the discharge of a heavy piece of artillery, was heard, followed, after an interval of two seconds, by a double report. The sound was heard at a place twenty miles distant. It had hardly died away when a small irregular cloud of smoke was observed at a considerable height above the ground. Some spectators saw several spots like clouds, which disappeared nearly instantaneously. A long train of smoke marked the path of the descending mass. "Some men at work in the fields saw several blocks fall through the air, and heard the noise which they made as they struck the ground. Every one whom it was possible to question on the subject was unanimous in affirming that there were a large number of these blocks, and that they must have occasioned a regular shower of aerolites of all sizes. Laborers at work felling trees in a wood three-quarters of a mile from Villeneuve, on the high-road from Casale to Vercelli, saw something like a hail-storm of grains of sand after these detonations, and a somewhat large fragment struck the hat that one of them was wearing." Two aerolites were found upon the ground—one weighing fourteen and three-quarter pounds, and the other four and a quarter pounds—and the fragments of a third, which had been shattered by falling upon a pavement.

STORIES OF PAINTERS.

IT is told of Turner that he did not consider his labors over when he had sent in his pictures to the exhibitions; he would wait till the hangers had done their work, and then on the varnishing-day would, by a few magical touches, so alter the tone of his work that all the neighboring canvases looked like foils carefully arranged to set off this one particular picture in the whole room. "He has been here, and fired off a gun," said Constable, on one occasion, when he found that the introduction at the last moment of a spot of scarlet about the size of a shilling into a gray sea-piece of Turner's had completely killed the color of his own picture, which represented a pageant of boats at the opening of Waterloo Bridge. On the opposite wall there hung in that same exhibition a picture of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Fiery Furnace." Cooper, who was present, said to Constable, "A coal has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea."

Hans Makart, "the Silent," the distinguished Viennese painter, whose remarkable picture, "Charles V. entering Antwerp in Triumph," obtained the first prize at the Paris International Exhibition in 1878, is even more taciturn than Von Moltke, the man who is silent in seven languages. An American, who had been told that the best way to get on friendly terms with the artist would be to play chess with him at the café to which he resorted nightly, watched his opportunity, and, when Makart's opponent rose, slipped into his chair. At last his dream was about to be realized; he was to spend an evening in Makart's society. The painter signed to him to play, and the game began, and went on with no other sound than the moving of the pieces. At last the American made the winning move, and exclaimed, "Mate!" Up rose Makart in disgust, and stalked out, saying angrily to a friend who asked why he left so early, "Oh, I can't stand playing with a chatter-box!"

The well-known French artist Millet, whilst living at Barbizon, near the forest of Fontainebleau, was once visited by a wealthy Parisian who was anxious to purchase one of the painter's works. After some preliminary exchange of compliments, the Parisian said, with *empressement:* "I have come, M. Millet, to buy one of your pictures. The truth is that I am suffering, like many others, from the Millet fever. Can you prescribe for me?" "Very well," said Millet, turning round with a gracious smile, and pointing at the same time to one of his pictures on the easel; "take the medicine."

In the palace of Strelna, near St. Petersburg, are four celebrated pictures by Hackert, painted by order of Count Alexy Orloff in commemoration of the victory of the Russian admiral over the Turkish fleet commanded by the Capudan Pasha. During the progress of the pictures the painter took occasion to mention to the count that he had some difficulty in painting a ship on fire, never having witnessed that imposing spectacle. Orloff, without a moment's hesitation, issued orders for a Russian 74-gun ship to be cleared, placed in a position to suit the painter, and burned before him, so that he might execute the subject with fidelity.

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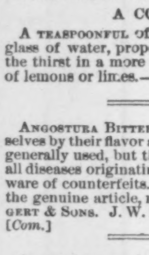

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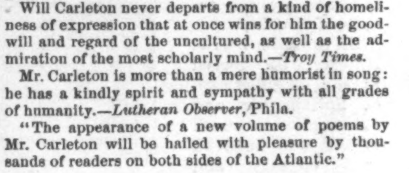
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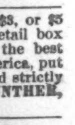

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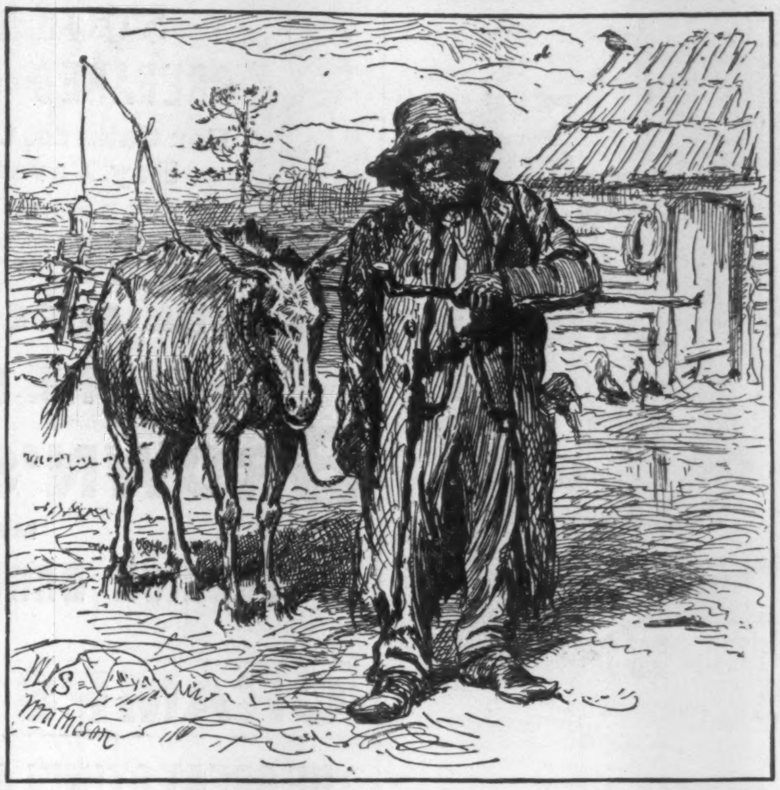

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